

CANAL



CURRENTS

1944



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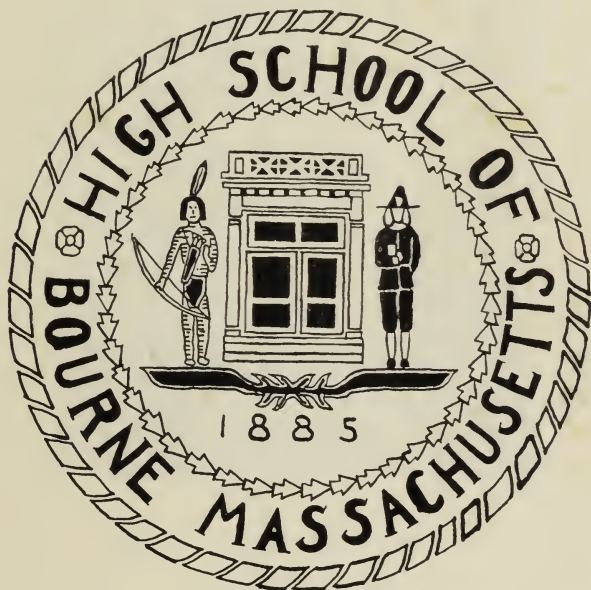
CANAL CURRENTS

Bourne High School

BOURNE, MASSACHUSETTS

JUNE

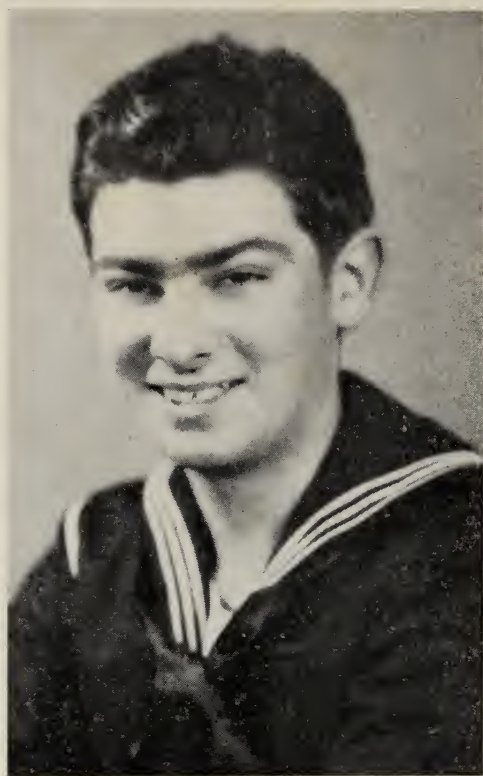
1944



THIS MAGAZINE BELONGS

TO

John Loring



DEDICATION

TO WILLIAM TOWERS, OUR CLASSMATE,
NOW IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY,
THIS ISSUE OF *CANAL CURRENTS*
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

TRIBUTE

IT is always hard to say good-bye to someone whom we think a great deal of, and we especially found this to be true when we had to say good-bye to Mr. Campbell not so long ago. He had been a part of Bourne High for so long that we could scarcely imagine the school without him.

However, we find that even if he has left us in body, his spirit is still here. Incidents are always coming up which remind us of things he did, things he said. Remember all the wonderful pictures he took; his refereeing at basketball games; all the boys and girls around him asking him questions on all sorts of topics, current events, sports, anything; students asking him for advice; his telling the experiences of Crystal Ann; his speeches in Assembly? So you see—we have all sorts of memories to remind us of him. And we know that wherever he goes and whatever he does, he will be successful and that he will be well liked by everyone. And we at Bourne High School are all for him.



Faculty

KEMPTON J. COADY, *Principal*
Geometry, Business Arithmetic

WALTER J. STAHURA
Science, Algebra, Advanced
Mathematics, Aeronautics

MARTHA I. TUOMI
English, Biology, Spanish

JOSEPH G. WHITE
English, History

M. ELIZABEH KELLEHER
Commercial Subjects

ELEANOR S. HATCH
Latin, French

LUCILLE V. KORF
Economics, Social Studies,
History

DAVID E. WARNER
Manual Training, Mechanical
Drawing, Architectural Drawing

KNUTE H. ANDERSSON
Director of Physical Education

FRANCES H. MARTIN
Home Economics,
Girls' Athletics

VIRGINIA CLARK
Supervisor of Vocal Music

ADOLPHE QUERZE
Director of Shawme Orchestra
and Shawme Band

RUTH MOSELEY
Supervisor of Art

JAMES F. PEEBLES
Superintendent of Schools

SCHOOL COMMITTEE
DR. GEORGE W. DAINTY
MRS. MAURICE JOHNSON
MR. JOHN MURRAY, SR.
MR. DONALD MORRIS
MR. ALLISON COOK



Magazine Staff

CLASS OF 1945

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	EDITH HASLAM
<i>Business Manager</i>	MARILYN WING
<i>Advertising Managers</i>	VIRGINIA SNOW RAYMOND FEDERICI
<i>School News Editor</i>	MILLICENT JARVIS
<i>Sports Editors</i>	MARIE CRISTOFORI WILLIAM PARADY
<i>Wit and Humor Editors</i>	SARAH HUNT MALCOLM COADY
<i>Art Editors</i>	JERRY LEVINSON RAYMOND FEDERICI
<i>Alumni Editor</i>	RAOUL MENDES
<i>Literary Editor</i>	BARBARA GRINNELL
<i>Photography Editor</i>	BARBARA HARRISON



COGGESHALL, ROGER GIBBS

(Coggie)

Sagamore Grammar School.

College Course.

Activities: Football 3; Basketball 3; Baseball 2, 3; "The Patsy" (Junior Play); President of Class 3; Mixed Chorus 1, 2; Graduation Chorus 1, 2; Captain, Sagamore Softball Team 3.

"Romeo"



COADY, JAMES MALCOLM (Clem)

Bourne Grammar School.

College Course.

Activities: Football 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Student Council 1; Vice-President of Class 2, 3; Junior Prom Committee 3; Initiation Committee 2; Sophomore Ring Committee 2; Camera Club 1; Mixed Chorus 1, 2; Boys' Chorus 1, 2; Shawme Orchestra 1, 2; Softball League 3; Wit and Humor Editor 3; Victory Dance 3; Band 1.

"Witty?"



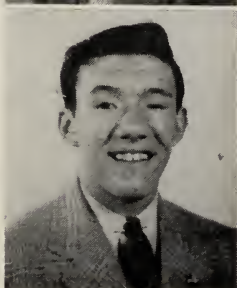
HASLAM, ELAINE EDITH (Edie)

Bourne Grammar School.

College Course.

Activities: Girls' Chorus 1, 2; Mixed Chorus 1, 2; Graduation Chorus 1, 2; Concert 1; Secretary and Treasurer of Class 3; Editor-in-Chief of "Canal Currents" 3; Junior Prom Committee 3; Chairman of Memorial Day Committee 1; Chairman of Decoration Committee of Initiation 2; Hockey 1.

"Intelligent"



FEDERICI, RAYMOND FRANCIS

(Pete)

Bourne Grammar School.

Commercial Course.

Activities: Basketball 1, 2, 3; Football 1, 2, 3; Boys' Chorus 1, 2, 3; Art 1, 2; "The Patsy"; "Mock Trial" 2; Initiation Committee 2; Graduation Chorus 1, 2; Victory Hop 3; Nominating Committee 2; Softball League 3; Advertising Manager. "Canal Currents" 3; A Cappella Singing 3; Student Council 3.

"Wareham Special"

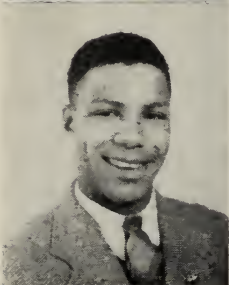
CANAL CURRENTS, BOURNE HIGH SCHOOL



BOFFETTI, STELLA MARY (Butch)
Sagamore Grammar School.
Home Economics and Commercial
Course.
Activities: Girls' Chorus 1; Mixed
Chorus 1, 2; Concert 1; Gradua-
tion Chorus 1, 2.
"Protesting"



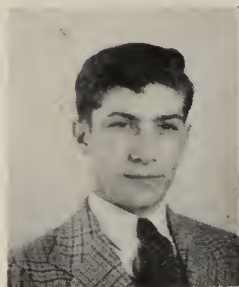
BYRON, CHRIS (Socrates)
Bourne Grammar School.
College Course.
"Contradictory"



CARDOZA, MANUEL JESUS, JR.
(Manny)
Bourne Grammar School.
Commercial Course.
Activities: Football 1, 2, 3; Basket-
ball 3; Softball League 3; Gradu-
ation Chorus 1, 2; Freshmen Ini-
tiation Committee; English Class
Play 2; "H. M. S. Pinafore"
3; Camera Club 1; Baseball 1;
Boys' Chorus 1, 2, 3; Mixed
Chorus 1, 2, 3.
"Musclebound"



CLOUETTE, ELIZABETH VIOLA
(Bette)
Sagamore Grammar School.
Commercial Course.
Activities: Basketball 1, 3; Girls'
Chorus 1, 2; Mixed Chorus 2.
"Temperamental"

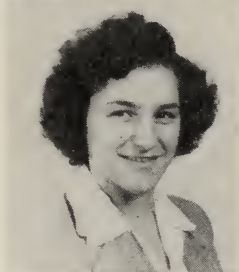


CONSONI, ALEXANDER (Al)

Sagamore Grammar School.
Commercial Course.

Activities: Boys' Chorus 1, 2, 3;
"The Patsy" 3; "H. M. S. Pina-
fore" 3; Initiation Committee 2;
Junior Prom Committee 3; Cook-
ing Class 2; Softball League 3;
Graduation Chorus 1, 2; Nom-
inating Committee 2; Mixed
Chorus 1, 2, 3; A Cappella Sing-
ing 3.

"Sharp"



CRISTOFORI, MARIE ROSE

Bourne Grammar School.
Commercial Course.

Activities: Hockey 1; Girls' Chorus
1, 2; Basketball 1, 3; Mixed Cho-
rus 1, 2; Camera Club 1; "Mock
Trial" 2; Cheerleader 3; Gradua-
tion Chorus 1, 2; Initiation Com-
mittee 2; Junior Prom Commit-
tee 3; Sports Editor, "Canal Cur-
rents" 3; Victory Dance Com-
mittee 3.

"Sporting"



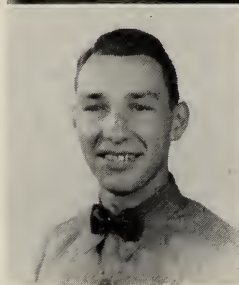
FORLIVESI, RAOUL FRANK

(Nappy)

Sagamore Grammar School.
General Course.

Activities: "Mock Trial" 2; Initia-
tion Committee 2; Camera Club
1; Mixed Chorus 1, 2.

"Masculine"



FULLER, DONALD GRINNELL

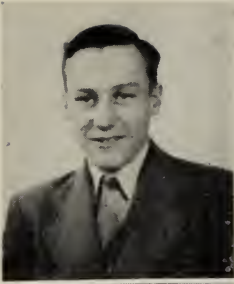
(Fullerman)

Bourne Grammar School.
General Course.

Activities: Softball League 3; Deco-
ration Committee of Freshmen
Initiation 2.

"Bashful"

CANAL CURRENTS, BOURNE HIGH SCHOOL



FULLER, MAURICE LEONARD

(Mokey)

Bourne Grammar School.

General Course.

Activities: Softball League 3; Decoration Committee of Freshmen Initiation 2.

"Talkative"



GAGNON, PAUL RICHARD (Duke)

Bourne Grammar School.

Commercial Course.

Activities: Basketball 2, 3; Bond Play 2; "Mock Trial" 2; "The Patsy" 3; "H. M. S. Pinafore" 3; Softball Team 3; Boys' Chorus 1, 2, 3; Mixed Chorus 1, 2, 3; Baseball 1.

"Slick"



GAGNON, THOMAS A. (Tom)

Bourne Grammar School.

Commercial Course.

Activities: Basketball 1, 2; Manager of Football and Basketball Teams 3; Camera Club 1; "H. M. S. Pinafore" 3; "Mock Trial" 2; Bond Play 2.

"Giggly"



GAVEL, PHYLLIS (Pat)

Brown Grammar School.

Briscoe Junior High, Beverly, Mass.

Home Economics Course.

Came to Bourne in January, 1944.

"Private"



GIEP, JEANNE KATHERINE

(Jean)

Bourne Grammar School.

College Course 1, General 2, Home Economics 3.

Activities: Orchestra 1; Hockey 1; Basketball 1; Girls' Chorus 1, 2, 3; Mixed Chorus 1, 2, 3; Junior War Bond Committee 2; Dancing Club 1.

"Changeable"



GRINNELL, BARBARA ANN

(Shorty)

Bourne Grammar School.

College Course 1, 2; Commercial 3.

Activities: Concert 1; "The Patsy" 3;

Graduation Chorus 1, 2; Decora-

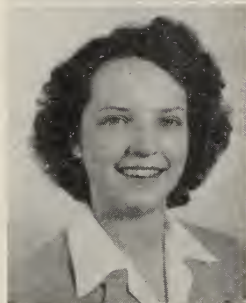
tion Committee of Initiation 2;

Hockey 1; Girls' Chorus 1, 2, 3;

Mixed Chorus 1, 2, 3; Literary

Editor of "Canal Currents" 3.

"Juliet"



HARRISON, BARBARA ELLA (Barb)

Bourne Grammar School.

College Course.

Activities: Initiation Committee 2;

Hockey 1; Photography Editor of

"Canal Currents" 3; "H. M. S.

Pinafore 3; Mixed Chorus 1, 2,

3; Girls' Chorus 1, 2, 3; Camera

Club 1; Concert 1; Orchestra 1,

2, 3.

"Accordion-minded"



HUNT, SARAH DORETTA (Pinky)

Bourne Grammar School.

Home Economics Course 1, Home

Economics & Commercial 2,

Commercial 3.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2; Victory

Hop Committee 3; Junior Prom

Committee 3; Basketball 3.

"Musical"

CANAL CURRENTS, BOURNE HIGH SCHOOL



JARVIS, MILLICENT CLAIRE

(Millie)

Bourne Grammar School.

College Course 1, General Course
2, 3.

Activities: Nomination Committee
2; Hockey 1; Girls' Chorus 1, 2,
3; Mixed Chorus 1, 2, 3; "The
Patsy" 3; "H. M. S. Pinafore" 3;
A Cappella Singing 3; Dramatic
Club Treasurer 3.

"Appealing"



LEVINSON, JERRY S.

Trinity Grammar School.

Isaac E. Young High School, New
Rochelle, N. Y.

General Course.

Activities: Football 3; Baseball 1;
Basketball 3; Victory Hop Com-
mittee 3; Softball Co-captain 3.
Art Editor "Canal Currents" 3.

"Herculean"



MASTERSON, THOMAS JOSEPH

(Tom)

Bourne Grammar School.

General Course.

Activities: Football 3; Mixed Cho-
rus 1, 2; Boys' Chorus 1, 2; Or-
chestra 1; "H. M. S. Pinafore" 3;
"Mock Trial" 2.

"Crooning"



MENDES, RAOUL (Roy)

Sagamore Grammar School.

Commercial Course 1, General 2, 3.

Activities: Alumni Editor of "Can-
al Currents" 3; Boys' Cooking
Class 2; "Mock Trial" 2; Softball
3.

"Studios"



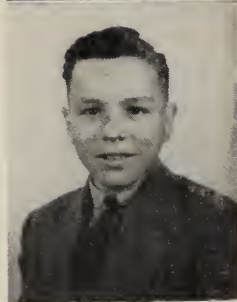
PARADY, WILLIAM F. (Bill)

Bourne Grammar School.

College Course 1, General Course 2, 3.

Activities: Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3; Class President 1, 2; Initiation Committee 2; Junior Prom Committee 3; Junior War Bond Committee 2; Sports Editor of "Canal Currents" 3; Ring Committee 2; Co-Captain of Softball League 3; Camera Club 1; English Class Play 2; Chorus 1, 2.

"Bluebeard"



PERRY, LELAND FRANCIS, JR.

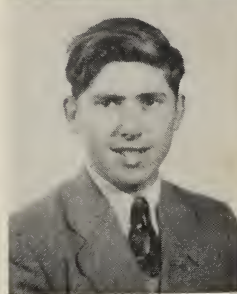
(Buddy)

Bourne Grammar School.

College Course 1, 2, Commercial Course 3.

Activities: Mixed Chorus 1, 2, 3; Boys' Chorus 1, 2; Cooking 2; Basketball 2, 3; Softball 3.

"Audacious"



PHILBRICK, DONALD MORROW

(Donnie)

Bourne Grammar School.

General Course.

Activities: Boys' Cooking 2; "Mock Trial" 2.

"School-skipper"



POPE, NATALIE (Nat)

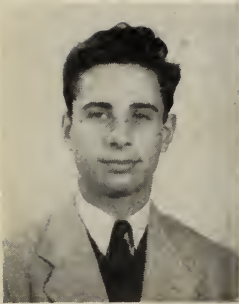
Sagamore Grammar School.

Home Economics Course 1, Commercial Course 2, 3.

Activities: Hockey 1, 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3; Girls' Chorus 1, 2; Mixed Chorus 1, 2; Dramatic Club 3; Graduation Chorus 1, 2.

"Dreamy"

CANAL CURRENTS, BOURNE HIGH SCHOOL



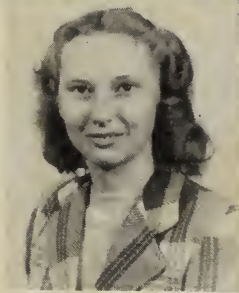
PUTNEY, BARBE J. (Put)

Bourne Grammar School.

College Course 1, General Course 2, 3.

Activities: Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Baseball 1, 2; Softball 3; Camera Club 1; Chairman of Junior War Bond Committee 2; Ring Committee 2; Initiation Committee 2; Junior Prom Committee 3; Victory Hop Committee 3; Vice-President of Class 1; Student Council 2; Mixed Chorus 1, 2; Graduation Chorus 1, 2.

"Wolfish"



RALEIGH, ELEANOR LAWRENCE

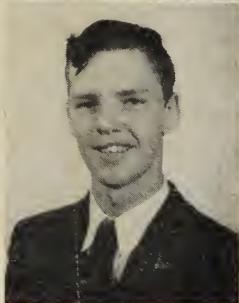
(Liv)

Bourne Grammar School.

College Course.

Activities: Hockey 1; Girls' Chorus 1, 2; Mixed Chorus 1, 2; Dramatic Club 1.

"Blondie"



SAVAGE, MICHAEL MORSELL

(Doc)

Alexander Hamilton Junior High.

College Course.

Activities: "The Patsy" 3; "H. M. S. Pinafore" 3; Softball Team 3; Graduation Chorus 2.

"Tarzan"



SNOW, DOROTHY VIRGINIA

(Ginny)

Bourne Grammar School.

General Course.

Activities: Hockey 1; Mixed Chorus 1, 2, 3; Girls' Chorus 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1; "The Patsy" 3; Junior War Bond Committee 2; "Mock Trial" 2; Advertising Manager, "Canal Currents" 3; A Capella Singing 3; War Bond and Stamps Chairman 1, 2.

"Vivacious"



THAMALIS, ELLIE IRENE

Sagamore Grammar School.
General Course.

Activities: Hockey 1; Hockey Manager 2; Mixed Chorus 1, 2, 3; Girls' Chorus 1, 2, 3; "Mock Trial" 2; "The Patsy" 3; "H. M. S. Pinafore" 3; A Cappella Singing 3; Junior War Bond Committee 2; Victory Hop Committee 3; Dramatic Club 1.

"Flirtatious"



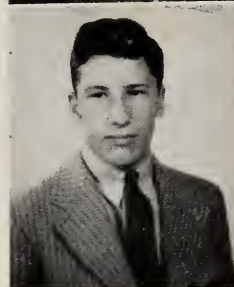
TRENCH, EDWIN ALBERT, JR.

(Trenchy)

Bourne Grammar School.
General Course.

Activities: "Mock Trial" 2; Mixed Chorus 1, 2; Boys' Chorus 1, 2.

"Wizard"

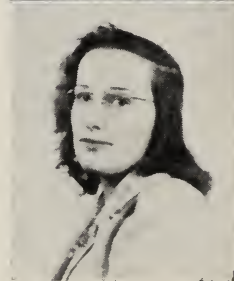


TUCY, RALPH JOSEPH (Sarge)

Bourne Grammar School.
Commercial Course 1, 2, General Course 3.

Activities: Mixed Chorus 1, 2; Boys' Chorus 1, 2; "H. M. S. Pinafore" 3; "Mock Trial" 2; Softball League 3.

"Money-bags"

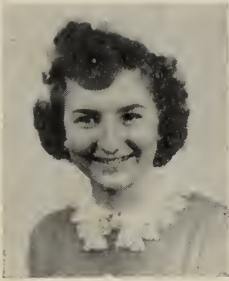


WALLACE, BEVERLY IRENE (Bev)

Bourne Grammar School.
General Course.

Activities: "Mock Trial" 3; Camera Club 1; Art 1, 2.

"Texas"



WING, MARILYN RICHMOND

Bourne Grammar School.

College Course.

Activities: Mixed Chorus 1, 2, 3;
Girls' Chorus 1, 2, 3; "H. M. S.
Pinafore" 3; Initiation Commit-
tee 2; Secretary and Treasurer 1,
2; Victory Hop Committee 3;
Magazine Drive Officer 1; Grad-
uation Chorus 1, 2; Business Man-
ager, "Canal Currents" 3; War
Stamps and Bonds Chairman 3.

"Sugar"

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The entire Junior class wishes to thank Miss Tuomi for her excellent supervision of this magazine and for all the patience she had in working with us.

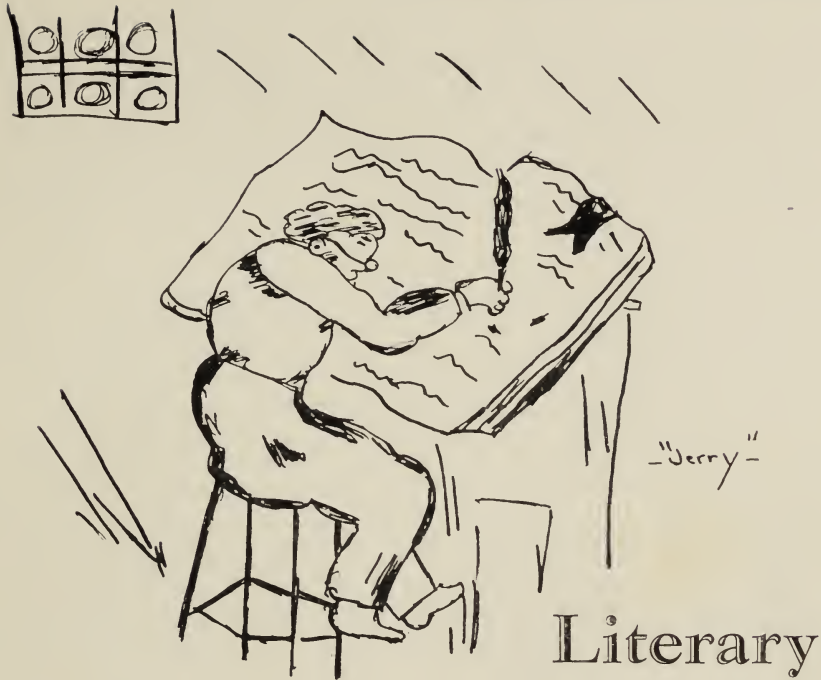
The staff of *Canal Currents* thanks Miss Kelleher for her aid in this production and the typing classes for the work they did.

We express our most sincere gratitude to our advertisers who have made this magazine a possibility and without whose help we would have had no magazine.

ALUMNI

CLASS OF '43

JAMES ADAMS—Attending Northeastern University.
ELAINE ANDERSON—Employed at Town Hall.
BERNARD AYLMER—U. S. Army Air Corps.
LUCIEN BACHAND—U. S. Navy.
MARGARET BOFFETTI—Bridgewater State Teachers' College.
DEANE BOYDEN—Attending U. S. Maritime Academy at Hyannis.
RICHARD CALDER—U. S. Navy.
GEORGE CONLEY—U. S. Navy.
AUGUST CRISTOFORI—U. S. Navy.
VICTOR CRUMP—U. S. Navy Air Corps.
LUIGIA CUBELLIS—Employed at "Mezza Luna".
DOROTHY DIXON—Becker College.
RICHARD ELDRIDGE—U. S. Navy Air Corps.
EDWARD ELLIS—U. S. Navy.
UGO FERRARI—U. S. Army.
GEORGE HANDY—U. S. Army.
HERBERT HOLMAN—U. S. Army.
GLORIA HOLT—Married; living in Hyannis.
JOHN JENKINS—U. S. Navy.
ROBERT LINDQUIST—U. S. Army Air Corps.
LUCIUS MENDES—Working in Boston.
HELEN MURRAY—Simmons College.
JOSEPH OLIVA—U. S. Navy.
ROBERT PEEBLES—Seabees.
ALICE PERRY—Burdett Business College.
ELWELL PERRY—U. S. Maritime Academy, Hyannis.
SHELDON PHILBRICK—U. S. Navy.
ODILE ROBINSON—Regis College, Weston, Mass.
FRANKLIN PUTNEY—U. S. Army Air Corps.
KENDALL SILVA—U. S. Navy.
BERNARD STOCKLEY—U. S. Army.
RUTH TAYLOR—Employed in Buzzards Bay.
NATHALIE THAMALIS—Aide at Hartford Retreat.
JOHN THOM—U. S. Army Air Corps.
LAURENCE THOMPSON—Middlebury College.
CLAYSON TUCY—U. S. Army Air Corps.
JOHN WEEKS—U. S. Navy.
THEODORE WING—U. S. Navy.



What's To Be Your Vocation

Have you recently asked yourself, "What am I going to do when I graduate from high school?" We all ask ourselves this question sometime during our school days but in too many instances the question has been asked too late.

During our grammar school days we don't give too much thought to what we're going to do—it seems too far in the future to think about. We concentrate for the most part on having fun and getting our homework done each night. Then we graduate from grammar school and the question arises as to what course we shall take in high school.

We have to begin to think about our future, somewhat, so that we will be able to choose the course that appeals to us or one that we think will be the easiest. Then, after a year or two, we discover that we have taken the wrong course. And whose fault is it? You're right—our own.

Sometimes we glide calmly through our high school days and then one day we suddenly wake up to the realization that we are Seniors and we soon will be out on our own! In a panic, we decide to do something, anything, so long as it is a vocation. Usually these hasty decisions result in choosing the vocation we are not suited for or one which we don't like after we've been in it for awhile. Contrary to the above people are those who know all their lives what they're going to be. But these are few and far between (and lucky!). So, one of these days in the near future (or why not now?) ask yourself, "What am I going to be?" Oh, yes, and be sure to *answer* it!

Edith Haslain, '45

REMEMBER OUR BOYS

Our boys have given up so much
To keep all we hold dear
Let's prove to them we understand
And back them up with cheer.

We all should take our little woes
And stop this wailing loud,
For while we're safely sleeping
Our fleets swarm the clouds.

So while our sailors swarm the seas
For dangers lurking there,
Ask God's protection for our boys
With an extra mighty prayer.

Donald Philbrick, '45

—•••—

THE HOME FRONT

From the fronts of far off Italy
To the oft-bombed ruins of Wake
Our boys are hitting them
With more than they can take.

They are making every sacrifice
That goes with this great war
So don't just stop and count your bonds
Go out and buy some more.

Edward Nemiccolo, '44

—•••—

"DOC'S" DILEMMA

I wonder if I'll see the day
When I can throw my ration books away.
When points of blue or green or red
Stop giving pains to my poor head—

When I can go into a store
And find no sign upon the door
To say my favorite brand of peach
Has sailed ten points beyond my reach.

When I can buy a piece of steak
And still a leg of mutton take;
And count my wealth by cash, instead
Of counting it in tokens red.

The day I hear the end of strife
Will be the happiest in my life;
And when I throw my points away
Will come close second to that day.

Charles A. Forbush, '44

CANAL CURRENTS

THE SIGN

How wonderful will be that day
When won and over is this war
When things like 4-F and 1-A
Mean only some apartment door.
Marie Cristofori, '45

—•••—

SEASONS

Spring has come
We're not that dumb
Not to know the signs
We keep up with the times.

Summer was here
And we could cheer
School was out
We didn't pout!

Winter is going
So put away your sewing
Come enjoy the Spring
And let's all sing!

Millicent Jarvis, '45

—•••—

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

We get up in the morning
(Or should I say we're dragged out?)
With no incentive for anything,
Because we all are fagged out.

But, anyway, we make ourselves
Presentable for the day,
And stagger up the steps of school,
And are started on our way.

We study and we worry,
And we make ourselves half crazy
What with make-up work and all kinds
of tests,
And stuff on which we are hazy.

But finally we're home again
We flop into a chair
"Another day is o'er," we say
And just wait for supper right there.

The time drags on and then we find,
Our bedtime here, and then,
To our dismay, we realize,
School soon starts all over again!

Virginia Snow, '45

The Junior Girls' Ideal Boy

Every girl has a secret dream of an ideal boy. Perhaps she dreams of a big he-man like Clark Gable or maybe she dreams of a singer like Frank Sinatra. A boy doesn't have to be handsome or famous to be an ideal boy, as long as he has certain definite qualities.

We Junior girls all agree that there is no ideal boy; that he is imaginary, existing only in our dreams. However, if there were an ideal boy, he would be tall, from five feet eight to six feet, and would possess either medium or dark brown wavy hair and blue eyes. He would have an average build, which would be fairly athletic, and very good posture. He would be neat in appearance, knowing the right colors and clothes to wear.

The most important thing about him would be his personality. He would be well liked by everyone, both boys and girls, and would be a good mixer. He would have a good sense of humor, knowing not only how to give jokes but also how to take them. He would be a good winner as well as a good loser. All girls like good dancers and we are no exceptions. Also we go for good manners and a person who is a good conversationalist, one who can keep up his end of the conversation. Our ideal would be thoughtful and considerate of others and ambitious to get ahead. He would have to be willing to work hard to get somewhere. We definitely do not like a conceited person, but as all boys are conceited to a certain extent, we have to expect a little conceit. Our ideal wouldn't be too handsome, for then he would be too conceited and too much competition might arise. He wouldn't be giggly nor would he act silly. Last, but far from least, he would engage in sports and be a good athlete.

From the above description, you can perhaps see why we are wondering, "Will we ever find the boy in our mind, the one who is our ideal?"

The Junior Boys' Ideal Girl

While girls are dreaming of their ideal boy, the boys are also doing some dreaming about their ideal girl. They have some definite qualities which they think an ideal girl should have, too.

The boys aren't as exacting about the looks of the girl as the girls are about the looks of the boy. The Junior boys' ideal girl, on the whole, would have either blond or medium brown hair and either blue or hazel eyes, according to the color of hair. She would have a "Peaches and Cream" complexion and definitely a super figure. She would be from five feet to five feet six inches tall and very neat in appearance. She would always wear clothes that become her and dress right for all occasions. She would wear little or no make-up, depending on how she looked with it.

She would be well educated and refined. She would have a good reputation, with both the younger and older people of the town.

She would be a good housekeeper and an excellent cook, able to whip up tasty dishes at a moment's notice.

Very important would be the fact that she wouldn't go out with every "Tom, Dick, and Harry." She would be loyal to the boy she was going with.

She would be able to carry on an intelligent conversation and would be up to date on current events and especially she would know something about sports, all of which should interest her.

Above all she would have a pleasing personality. She should be able to get along with the boy's friends and be well liked by everyone.

The boys all agree that there is no "ideal girl" living, that she is just a dream. Oh well, they can dream, can't they?

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

She probably isn't a person one would ever notice in a group. She's only a little over five feet tall, rather slight and her hair is quite gray. Her face is a little sad but her eyes are bright and in spite of her seventy-one years, her step is quick and alert, and the amount of work she accomplishes in a day would put many a young person to shame.

Her youngest daughter is an invalid and to her she is devoted. This is a twenty-four hour job in itself but her apparently unlimited supply of love for doing things for others finds her at the bedside of any of her family or friends who need her care.

I know that she has held the hand of many a dying neighbor and has eased the sorrows of those left behind. A call for help in the middle of the night to accompany a friend to the hospital or to help a young mother whose baby is ill, has always been answered with, "Of course I'll come."

Hot biscuits, cake, or pie are always being made and sent to some one who doesn't cook or perhaps lives alone.

She is very clever with the needle, so calls come to her a dress or shorten a coat for some one who is going off for a special occasion. She always finds the time to do it and sends the young folks off happy for a gay affair in their new clothes.

On one occasion when her three girls were small, they were all dressed up for Easter in new dresses, hats, and coats, and on their way to church, when someone remarked how well they looked and then asked where her own new coat was, the reply was that next Sunday would be her turn. That is an example of her life—complete devotion to her family with thoughts of herself last.

This unforgettable character is "Ding"—"Ding" to me and our immediate family but my maternal grandmother to others. She has been "Ding" ever since I could first say a few words. Just why I called her that has always been a mystery but perhaps if my baby thoughts could have been interpreted, the reason would have been found. Perhaps the sure and steady ding, dong of a bell symbolized to me the steadfast and enduring love of my "Ding," even to my baby mind.

Thelma Rowe, '46

Cure-alls

Years ago, back in the era B. S. (Before Sinatra) when little Johnny or Susie broke out in a rash, developed the sniffles, or complained of a pain, Mother knew exactly what to do to get the youngster back to normal. Some cough medicine, hot lemonade, a few pink pills, and a good stiff dose of castor oil usually made the child feel like a young colt and gave the needed strength to carry on the destruction of the neighbors' cherry trees, and the supreme task of worrying the school teacher to a point of distraction. But all that has passed with the bustle, hip flask, and high buttoned shoes. Something horrible has happened! It seems that hundreds of diseases which Grandmother never heard of are ever present in all human beings and that if they are not treated, they will put us all in early graves, or, at least, leave us tottering old wrecks before we've reached the age of thirty.

Strangely enough, it has only been since we've all been able to afford radios that these unknown diseases have been discovered. One need only to turn the dial any time, day or night, and at least six new terrible diseases with the most fantastic names will be revealed to the listener. You are probable feeling like a "June-bug in a barrel of cider," fit to whip your weight in wildcats, but after listening to the announcer shout at you that you are suffering even now from some kind of "itis" that will shorten your span of life, you begin to wonder if your feeling of well-being amounts only to an illusion, after all. But, don't despair, for the smooth, silky voice promises you relief in a cure-all that can be had if you will only rush to the nearest drug store, put your quarter on the counter, and ask for an economy size package of Dr. Dinglehooper's Multiple Vitamin Tablets!

In this age of change and increasing knowledge of the unknown, my only wish is that as quickly as these new diseases are discovered, some genius will produce a cure for each one. I'm afraid if this doesn't happen, these yet unnamed ills will overtake us all and soon wipe out the human race.

Athena Karalekas, '44

Simply Impossible

"Hey! Wait a minute, Clark!" yelled Jack from the other side of the school yard.

"Hurry up, then! I've got to take this masterpiece home and show the old man," answered Clark from his place at the hedge, near the edge of the school lot.

It was a beautiful spring day, the kind you read about in those passionate novels. The trees were in their full splendor and the small town was still and peaceful that afternoon, up until two o'clock, when the local high school let out.

It was a memorable day in the heart of each and every member of the Junior class of Bourne High School. This thing that had finally happened had a direct effect on the lives of each and every student. It was wonderful,

or as the teen-agers would say, "super!!" It couldn't happen again in centuries; it probably would never happen again. The Junior Class, class of 1945, was experiencing a rare event.

And this is what it was: every Junior was promoted into the twelfth grade with an A in every single subject. Imagine it!! An A in every subject!!

Marilyn Wing, '45

An Afternoon In Bourne-1954

It is one o'clock and after the closing bell sounds in the school, everyone rides to the front door on an escalator. From there all walk to the large hangar behind the school, each student getting into his own helicopter. Soon a whining sound is heard and the sun is literally "blacked-out" with about two hundred helicopters bearing the same number of Bourne High students on their way home—with *no homework!*

Not far from the school, the planes land, this time in front of Atwood's new "Recreation Block." This includes an automatic bar—strictly soft drinks, of course (at one cent a glass), where all one has to do is press a button for the drink he desires, and it slides down the bar, stopping directly in front of him; a streamlined roller-skating rink, where one rides through a door on an escalator, puts his feet on a stool, and his skates are automatically zipped on; a new bowling alley, where the pins are automatically set up and each person's score is marked on a bulletin board at the end of each individual's alley; a large dance hall, where, if preferred, the roof may be slid away to allow for an open-air hall—any sort of game may be played here and whenever a mark appears on the floor, it is immediately rubbed out by some invisible means; a moving picture theatre, where once a week a well-known actor appears in person! These are just samples of some of the recreational facilities set up for teen-agers all over the country, where one may spend his afternoon in peace, with no homework to worry about, wood to chop (since all houses now-a-days are automatically heated with electricity!), etc.

When the youngsters feel like going home for supper, they hop into their helicopters and in a few minutes, land on their own flat house-tops. Taking an elevator, which includes a machine in which one needs only to place his hands and before reaching the dining room one's hands are completely washed and dried, one is taken to the dining room with no time wasted.

Supper is a delicious meal, with coca-cola instead of milk and a big dish of any flavor ice cream desirable for desert. Of course the dishes automatically slide into an electric dishwasher when supper is finished, where they are washed and dried and placed in their own respective places in less than five minutes!

Did I hear someone say the preceding actions are impossible—even in 1954? Well, this is supposed to be wholly imaginative, isn't it?

Barbara Harrison, '45

The Letter

In the North African desert the temperature sometimes climbs as high as 120°. It gets so hot that one can almost see and taste the heat. The Lieutenant wiped the perspiration from his forehead and resumed his writing. Suddenly an alert signal was given and the paper was hastily stuffed into his pocket as he started for his post.

The paper said . . .

"Dear Butch,

It's awfully hot here. How are Mom and Dad and Sis? What I wouldn't do for one of those cokes we used to get.

Look, Kid, I want to tell you something. It's one of those things you can't say—you just have to write it. You'll be getting your draft papers very soon. I want you to know what will happen to you that night.

You'll come home and find a short letter on the hall table saying you have been inducted. You'll feel like choking and feel all swelled up inside. You will struggle through supper and then go to your room. You become afraid and won't be able to stand it; so first you'll grab your coat and go out the back door. The hill will be your first stop. It was always your refuge. Then you'll begin remembering things. Just snatches of them but dear to you.

The time your dog was killed—when you were caught smoking behind the garage—Spencer Tracy in "Captains Courageous"—"The Big Apple"—your first pair of long pants——

The coach's voice saying. "Okay, you in 24;" your first big game, you were in!—"Elmer's Tune"—Harry James, and Superman—December 7——

The gardenia you sent her lying against her dark hair—the day you got your driver's license——

You'll remember until it hurts way down deep; then the darkened room will be your refuge. You'll fling yourself down and start sobbing. Don't be embarrassed; you have a right to do that. A right, because after all, hasn't a boy the right to cry for all these things he leaves behind—the cokes and dates and hours in the locker room and exams never passed? The minute you stop crying you'll become a man.

Then you will understand why we have to fight—fight for our country and these things so that our sons may grow up as we did except that they'll have a few more years to play baseball on that corner lot.

I hope I haven't sounded soft; we here are having a——"

The hand that held the blood-stained letter clenched it until it was a crumpled wad, and a curly black head sank down upon it. Through the head, like a merry-go-round swirled these words: "These were found in his possession at the time of his death . . . these were . . .

Then the head lifted, proudly and fearlessly. Its eyes rested on an envelope on the hall table.

Natalie Pope, '45

In The Doghouse

One day Mr. Walter Kins came home with a long, long face. He dragged his feet one after the other up the long winding path to his palatial abode.

Beth, his wife, and his little spoiled brat of a son, Pete, were waiting anxiously at the window.

"Run, run, Petie dear. Run like mad and get Papa's slippers and new red bathrobe that you spilled indelible ink all over 'cause you can tell he's awfully tired and worried tonight."

"Okay, Maw, but I forgot to tell you that I stuck chewing gum all over Papa's slippers."

It didn't take long for Pete to arrange Pop's things and by the time Walter opened the door, all was in harmony, at least temporarily.

Walter gave Beth a misplaced wet smack on the nose and for the only time in five years, six months, and thirteen days he totally ignored little Petie, the poor dear.

"Well, Beth, I've sad news indeed, today. My draft board has finally caught up with me. You remember I tried claiming that I had heart trouble, but they say I can't have heart trouble because I haven't even got a heart."

Poor Beth! No wonder she could never tell if he really loved her or not.

"Hey, Pop! Pay some attention to me," hollered Petie.

"Not now. Shut up for once, you model child."

"Well, dear, to rush up matters a bit, I must leave tomorrow morning at six o'clock."

"Oh, Walter, you can't! I won't let you go. How can Petie and I ever find enough to eat without you?"

"Oh, I have provided for you. There are plenty of bones buried in the garden. I won't need them in the W.A.G.S."

Catherine Handy, '44

If It Were Only Real!

It was a warm, sunny day. My mother asked me to go down to the grocery store to get something for supper. I was rather reluctant to go as I hadn't finished an article on Walter Pidgeon that I was reading. However I went. (What else could I do!) It was a wonderful day for walking so I decided to give my bike a rest. The store was two miles away but I had all afternoon so I could take my time.

I sauntered along, and about half a mile from home I saw a group of men working on the road. They were all loudly singing. I had never heard such a wonderful medley of men's voices before. As I came nearer to them, I stopped and stared open mouthed. For I recognized among them the voices of Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Nelson Eddy, Dick Haymes, and John Charles Thomas. I thought I was seeing things, but no, they all introduced themselves and sure enough, that's who they were. (I kept staring at Frankie!) They asked me what I'd like to have them sing. By this time I had regained

my voice and said, "People Will Say We're in Love." They sang it, and how! I thanked them and shakily walked on.

I finally reached the grocery and still in a trance, I went in and up to the counter. But instead of our grouchy old grocer standing there, there stood Helmut Dantine! I was supposed to get some liver, but who can talk about liver with Dantine around! I managed to gasp out the words, take my change and liver, to go stumbling out.

As I passed the post-office, I went in to see if there was any mail. There was, so I went over to the window and who should wait on me but the lovely red-headed Greer Garson. This was too much. I grabbed the mail, ran out, and started for home lickety split.

I began to think I was crazy and my nerves were all shot. As I ran up the road, a car came up along side of me and slowed down. The door nearest me opened and a masculine voice inquired, "Would you like a lift, young lady?" I stopped. I knew that voice!! Hadn't I heard it hundreds of times before! I looked at the speaker—straight into the face of *Walter Pidgeon*! I thought, "I really am crazy," and let out a shriek.

But no, it wasn't my scream I heard, but the ringing of the bell, which meant that third period was over. No wonder I don't know anything about Hamlet!

Edith Haslam, '45

TONIGHT FOR ALWAYS

Tonight as I sit by my window
And gaze at the stars far above
I am basked with the silvery moonlight
And o'erwhelmed by the beauty of love.

I pray, as I watch with amazement
The wonder of God's glorious night,
That He will grant me faith and courage,
The strength to do that which is right.

Waiting and working and dreaming
For the future and all that it brings
Of new service, deep love, and more guidance
For those glorious, abiding things.

Anna Gibbs, '44

LINES ON A SHEET OF PAPER

Sometimes it's necessary to do something
hard and
You don't wanta,
And you struggle along simply because
you know
That you hafta.
Such a problem is writing a poem for an
English
Assignment.
It can make the gears in your head go
out of
Alignment.
Poems are not easy but an essay is not
Any easier,
And I'd rather write poems 'cause they're
quicker
And lazier.
So as long as a poem is all that the teacher
Required;
I wouldn't write any more, even if I
Were hired.
Anyway, I'm tired.

Charles H. Harris, Jr., '44

—•••—
"BLUE MONDAY"

I lay there dreaming of Frankie,
He was singing only to me.
He was crooning a sweet love song,
As we sailed over the sea.
Next I glimpsed Orson Welles.
He came riding towards me
Charging on a great white horse.
And picked me up by force.
Just as I was dreaming of Tyrone,
I heard a piercing sound.
It was Monday morning again
And my alarm had come unwound.

Edith Haslam, '45

MY MODEL "T"

I think that I shall never see
A car as rattly as my Model T;
I was tearing down the road 'bout half
past four
When "Bang! Crash! Boom!" and off
fell the door;
I soon got it on and started off with a
swoosh,
But stopped very quickly when I collided
with a bush;
Once, rounding a corner, the motor(?)
gave a sigh
And I hopped out and looked to find the
gas tank dry;
After a long, long push up the steep,
steep hills
At last I got home and took my vitamin
pills;
Now, take my advice and don't be
enticed
To buy an old Model "T", no matter
what the price!

David Norris, '44

—•••—
AN EPISODE

Joe was a fat man,
Jim wasn't thin.
They both were trying
To get in,
Through the door
Of a hall.
Then there started
A terrible brawl,
Jim swung first,
Joe swung last;
Joe's left thinking
"Why go so fast?"

Herbert MacCombie, '44



School News

September 8, 1943 was the big day (?). The Freshmen filed bravely in and immediately set out to find their homeroom. The Juniors proudly walked upstairs to their new homeroom, for at last we had reached the top floor! The Sophomores were happy; they wouldn't be referred to as "little Freshmen" any more. The Seniors acted like any Seniors, sophisticated. Thus began another year at Bourne High.

Mr. Warner, our new shop teacher, is taking Mr. Rich's place. Mr. Rich has entered the Navy.

The Athletic Association was soon organized. The officers chosen were: Robert Dean, President; Linwood Small, Vice-President; Bertha Johnson, Treasurer.

This year the sale of war bonds and stamps began with a boom. Miss Tuomi is in charge with the following class treasurers: Freshman Class, Ruth Raymond; Sophomore Class, Jean Gibbs; Junior Class, Marilyn Wing; Senior Class, Martha Gay.

The first part of October found the sale of magazine subscriptions in full swing, after Mr. Del Obert of the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company gave the students a pep talk on doubling the amount we made the year before. Marilyn Crump was appointed head captain with a captain in each class: Leona Dwyer, Freshman; Thelma Rowe, Sophomore; Marie Cristofori, Junior; Bertha Johnson, Senior. This year we netted over \$200.00, compared to last year's \$128.73. The Sophomores sold the most subscriptions. The Juniors, the least. Therefore, the Juniors served the Sophomores ice cream.

The Juniors have a one-star service flag up for William Towers, who left us in October to join the Navy.

On October 31, the Sophomores had the annual initiation. They had many new ideas on how to initiate "green" Freshmen. The Freshmen were very good sports and looked forward to next year when they would do the initiating.

The Seniors gave a "Harvest Dance" on November 6. Baskets of fruit, vegetables, and canned goods were raffled off.

Mrs. Alan Booth addressed our Thanksgiving Assembly, her subject being "Seventy Per-Cent is not Passing." The Rev. Matt Mees spoke on "school spirit." Cheers were led by Mr. Stahura and the cheerleaders. Our cheerleaders this year are Athens Karalekas, Bertha Johnson, Ethel Parrott, Olga Marchisio, and Marie Cristofori.

The Juniors held a "Victory" dance Thanksgiving night. The hall was decorated in blue, purple, and white, Wareham's and Bourne's colors. The dance was in honor of the team that won, and of course, we did.

The Senior play "Pure as the Driven Snow" or "A Working Girl's Secret" under the direction of Miss Tuomi, was given on December 17. Anna Gibbs and Robert Dean co-starred. They all did a grand job.

A Christmas party was held in the gym on December 23. Miss Clark's singing group sang carols as the classes filed in. Mr. Campbell made a wonderful Santa Claus. There was a gift for everyone. Games were played, and refreshments served.

During the year we have had several movies. One of the outstanding ones was "The Lady of the Lake." Although it is a silent movie, everyone enjoyed the very dramatic scenes.

The Bourne Kiwanis Club gave a public rally for the football squad. Ellie Thamalis and Marilyn Wing sang, Bob Dean gave a trombone solo, and Mr. Kannally, a former professional football player, gave an address. The Kiwanis presented the football players with gold footballs. Preceding the rally, the Kiwanis honored the boys with a banquet.

Because of ill health, Miss Dorothy Handy has left us. Mrs. Ruth Moseley of Sagamore is taking her place as art supervisor.

A farewell party was given by the Seniors for the three boys going into the service. They are William Sampson, Sumner Small, and William Hart, who went into the Navy.

Mrs. Mary Carr Baker, from the State Department of Health, addressed our March 28 assembly. She kept the student body laughing with her remarks on "how the younger generation dresses."

Bourne High began to miss Mr. Campbell even before he left. He was a great friend, teacher, and adviser. We wish him all the luck in the world.

"The Patsy," the first offering of the Dramatic Club, was presented on March 31, under the direction of Mr. White, and a great credit it was to him.

Miss Virginia Clark will present "H. M. S. Pinafore," May 5. We know it will be one of our finest entertainments.

Junior Prom, Class of '44

"Music Maestro, please." The maestro—Jimmy Lomba with his 15 in-the-groovers. And the music—"Solid, Jackson, solid."

May 26, 1943, marked another pleasant memory for the class of '44 when the annual Junior Prom was held in the high school auditorium. Because of present conditions, plans were a little uncertain, but at the last minute things went off with a bang.

Dancing in the environment of a summer garden scene, with rose-covered trellises the main attraction, and garden furniture (of which the most popular was the lounging chairs, making a hit with the old-timers who just weren't used to this modern jive, rhumba, conga, etc.) was enjoyed by all from nine to one.

The Grand March was led by Charles Byron, class president, and Athena Karalekas, vice-president, followed by other class officers and their partners.

Honorary patrons for the evening were Superintendent and Mrs. James F. Peebles, Principal and Mrs. Kempton J. Coady, Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Forbush, and Mr. and Mrs. Clayton E. Campbell.

It was considered by everyone one of the most successful proms ever given at Bourne High.

Student Council

Every school throughout the Cape has students representing a system of—well, we can say "law and order."

In Bourne High the Student Council hasn't much of a task keeping its students disciplined because they obey a number of school rules, such as keeping lockers in the main corridors closed, no running in the hall, or throwing paper around the rooms or on the grounds.

The Student Council helps the faculty a great deal. During lunch hour two Student Council members, those who are in the classes that pass first and second, stand and watch the students to see that they do not run down the stairway, push in the line, or try to cut out of line. If there were no Student Council and all of these misdemeanors happened, what a confusion that lunch room would be in. So you see, the Student Council does have jobs to do and they are carried out with promptness and efficiency. Their aim is to aid in any way the smooth running of the school.

Mr. Joseph White of the faculty is the head of the Student Council. His job is to see that this system is organized and its duties carried out. He has been doing a wonderful job.

The first Pep Rally of the 1944 school year was organized by the Student Council and various members of it participated. So you see, the Student Council is active!

The following are Student Council members of the Bourne High School: Freshmen, Francis Ojala, President; Louis Fougere, Council member. Sophomores: George McGovern, President; Maurice Grinnell, Council member. Juniors: Roger Coggeshall, President, Raymond Federici, Council member. Seniors: Athena Karalekas, President; William Hart, Council member.

Athena Karalekas, who is president of the Senior Class, is also the president of the Student Council.

War Bonds and Stamp Sales

The purchase of bonds and stamps began with great enthusiasm and at the end of five weeks the amount subscribed was \$2,252.85. The next ten weeks raised the sum to \$3,111.45. At the end of twenty-five weeks the total for the school was \$4,592.75.

During the Jeep Campaign the effort was made to make Bourne High become a triple-threat school; that is, to purchase enough bonds and stamps to buy three types of Jeeps. The cost of these is as follows: the flying Jeep, or "Grasshopper," \$3,000; the original Jeep, \$1,165; and the amphibian Jeep, or "Quack," \$2,090.

At the end of twenty-five weeks the Juniors were in the lead with a total of \$1,842.15 worth of bonds. The Sophomores were close with \$1,513.85. The Seniors had subscribed \$356.00 and the Freshmen \$290.50.

The Shawme Orchestra

This year the Shawme Orchestra, under the supervision of Mr. Querze, has practiced quite regularly, although it has performed only twice. The Bourne High Senior play was our first performance, and the Sandwich High Senior play was the second.

The last performances will be, as usual, graduation for both Bourne and Sandwich High Schools.

The orchestra consists of pupils from Bourne High and Bourne, Sagamore, and Sandwich Grammar schools. Because of the transportation problem, many pupils have not been able to attend rehearsals regularly. Pupils of Bourne High, now members of the orchestra are: Robert Dean, Clifford Perham, David Norris, Phyllis Harrison, Barbara Harrison, Thelma Rowe, Ruth Raymond, Emily Bigelow, Frances Berry, Barbara Anderson, Sheila Phillips, Estella Manamon.

We have received several new pieces, for the most part patriotic marches, this year.

Let us hope that in the future we shall be able to have a bigger and better orchestra, like the Shawme Orchestra of pre-war days.

Ever Try It?

A fellow has to be a contortionist to live these days. First, he has to keep his back to the wall and his ear to the ground. Then, he must put his shoulder to the wheel and his nose to the grindstone; keep a level head and have both feet on the ground. Try it.

Graduation

At eight o'clock on June 16, 1943, the senior class marched into the auditorium to the music of Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," marshaled by Robert Dean and David Norris. The Rev. George D. Goodwin gave the Invocation and everyone then united in the Lord's Prayer.

The mixed chorus sang our *Alma Mater* which was written by one of the members of this graduating class, Helen Murray. A Patriotic Medley followed, based around the song "Sing." This was accompanied by Dorothy Dixon at the piano and directed by Miss Virginia Clark.

Margaret Boffetti gave the Welcome to all the parents, faculty, and friends in the audience. Lieutenant-Colonel Abbot Peterson was the speaker and gave a stirring talk on "Youth's Greatest Inheritance." Robert Peebles contributed several clarinet solos. Then the girls' chorus sang Tschaikowsky's "God of All Nature."

Helen Murray had the honor of delivering the Farewell speech.

The awards and scholarships were presented by Mr. Coady to the members of the class. The Bourne Community Scholarship was received by Margaret Boffetti for her outstanding school record. The Science Prize was given to Richard Eldridge.

Manual Training was the rotating subject and Jack Weeks was awarded the prize. Dorothy Dixon received the Washington-Franklin History medal while Helen Murray received the American Legion Prize for Household Arts.

The Alumni Association prizes for the outstanding girl and boy were given to Helen Murray and Bernard Aylmer.

Special recognition went to John Jenkins for having had perfect attendance all during his high school years.

Superintendent James F. Peebles presented the diplomas. The boys' chorus then sang "On Parade" from *Sweethearts*.

The newly-graduated class, after turning over the tassels of their caps, all joined in singing their Class Ode, written and accompanied by Dorothy Dixon.

The Benediction was given by the Rev. George D. Goodwin and the class marched out. A short reception was held in the hall for the seniors and all their friends.

How True

There is so much good
In the worst of us
And so much bad
In the best of us
That it's hardly worth
A teacher's time
To think that he
can draw the line.

Juanita Rapose, '44



The Patsy

A new organization of Bourne is the Bourne High Dramatic Club. They gave their initial offering, the former Broadway success, *The Patsy*, a three-act comedy, on March 31, at 8 P. M.

Here is the plot: Young Patricia Harrington, "the Patsy," or goat, of the Harrington family, is trying to become as popular as her older sister, Grace, who is engaged to rich, desirable Bill Caldwell. Pat, in love with Tony Anderson, the boy Grace has just thrown over, thinks that with a few volumes of "Wise and Witty Sayings" she might become brilliant and sparkling enough to win Tony's apparently broken heart.

Meanwhile "Pop" Harrington, in whom Patsy confides because of his sympathy, has come home from his grocery-selling tour to his high-strung and petty wife, May, who is more interested in social standing than in the happiness of her own family.

Patricia has been having dinner with a Mr. O'Flaherty in order to find out who the three Americans are who have done most for this country, the requirements to win the Ellwood Country Club silver cup, offered by a Mr. Eisenwein. There is quite a scandal about all this as innocent Pat is believed to have cheated to win the cup. All turns out right, finally, and she wins the cup.

Without realizing his position, Tony suggests ways for Pat to win her "unknown heart throb," and as Pop is in on the thing, he too, spurs her on,

so that after a few bitter arguments between Mom and Pop, Grace and Billy, and Pat and Grace, all turns out well.

Pop at last gets the upper hand and acts like a man, and a husband to May; Tony and Pat get together; and Grace and Billy are reunited.

This play was presented before a capacity audience and all seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

The following made up the cast:

"Patsy"	Virginia Snow
Mr. Harrington	Paul Gagnon
Mrs. Harrington	Millicent Jarvis
Grace Harrington	Ellie Thamalis
Tony Anderson	Michael Savage
Billie Caldwell	Alex Consoni
Sadie Bradley	Barbara Grinnell
Tripp Busty	Leonard Fougere
Mr. O'Flaherty	Roger Coggeshall
Stage Manager	Raymond Federici
Prompter	Natalie Pope
Coach	Mr. Joseph G. White

H. M. S. Pinafore

"Bourne High School presents H. M. S. PINAFORE Friday, May 5, in the Bourne High School Auditorium."

Under the able direction of Miss Virginia Clark, a group of Bourne High students is planning to perform one of Gilbert and Sullivan's best-loved operettas, about the lass who loved a sailor.

It is the familiar story of a hopeless love, that of a humble seaman and the captain's daughter. Ellie Thamalis lends her charm to the part of Josephine while Charles Byron is her lowly but faithful suitor, Ralph Rackstraw. The "rosiest, roundest and reddest beauty in all Spithead," known as Buttercup, is played by Thelma Rowe and the proud captain of the *Pinafore* is Tommy Gagnon. The high and mighty Sir Joseph Porter is played by Tom Master-son; Millicent Jarvis is Cousin Hebe; Donald Wing, the Boatswain; Raymond Federici, the Boatswain's Mate, and Alex Consoni, Dick Deadeye. A chorus of girls, Sir Joseph's admiring female relatives, and a gallant crew of sailors, are made up of girls and boys from the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior

CANAL CURRENTS, BOURNE HIGH SCHOOL

Classes. Rehearsals have been a lot of fun. We've had many visitors at practice, but as May 5 draws near, we're all thinking seriously of making the operetta a success.

The choruses are made up of the following:

Norma Philbrick

Dorothy Tripp

Ruth Bassett

Sadie Thompson

Isabel Perry

Carol Young

Leona Dwyer

Jane MacDonald

Barbara Harrison

Phyllis Harrison

Ruth Raymond

George Christopulos

Fred La Chapelle

Francis Ojala

Edward Aylmer

Anthony Cardoza

Richard Vigliano

George Robbins

Paul Gagnon

Michael Savage

John Sanford

Ethel Burns

Emily Bigelow

Sheila Harding

Janetta Reynolds

Ernestine Tobey

Alton Ames

Ralph Tucy

Machines Class

Early last September there was inaugurated in Bourne High a new class for Junior and Senior boys taught by Mr. Stahura. This new course, called "Machines," takes up basic physics with a little mechanics thrown in for the first half of the year and the fundamentals of electricity for the last half.

On the first day there were twelve students in this new course but the number has slowly dwindled to eight, the other four having joined the armed forces.

This course, skilfully conducted by Mr. Stahura, has been of great help to the members of the class now in the armed forces and every boy whether contemplating the armed services or not, should take it.

Manual Training

The courses in manual training at Bourne High School are designed to provide thorough and careful instructions in fundamental shop skills and techniques. They are designed to develop the manipulative skills and to impart a knowledge of the qualities and characteristics found in various materials, construction processes, and procedures.

During the school year the students have built many articles such as end tables, smoking stands, chairs, flower pot holders, coat hangers, book ends, lamps, etc. These exercises involve the use of many different kinds of tools.

In lathe work, the students are taught how to use both the wood and metal lathe. The exercises have been thread cutting, turning metal to size, filing, knurling, and polishing.

At the present time the students in wood working are building a miniature model Cape Cod house. The design was drawn by the members of the class in mechanical and structural drafting.

Sports



Football

Cape Champion of '43, unofficial State Class D Champion, recognition on a state-wide basis as ninth in a list that included class A, B, C, and D schools, and holder for a year of the trophy awarded annually to the victor of the Bourne-Wareham holiday game—that is, briefly, the accomplishment of Bourne High's stalwart eleven for the '43 season, but let's review the past season a little.

The opening game was a top side battle with Westport High, which ended in a score of 33-6 and the first victory for Bourne.

The second and third games were against a highly-overrated eleven from Yarmouth High. The first game was played on a wet and muddy field and ended in a score of 19-6. The second game was a showing of Bourne High's ability as an offensive team when they romped over Yarmouth, crossing the goal line six times and Jerry Levinson's dependable place-kicking splitting the uprights and adding another point. Final score 37-0.

The game with Dartmouth will long be remembered in Bourne High football history. Playing as the underdogs against one of the best teams Dartmouth has had in years, Bourne completely outsmarted and outplayed Dartmouth at every turn. The game was truly a kicking and passing game, both teams doing both freely. Again Bourne emerged on top by the score of 12-0.

Middleboro was the fifth game of the season and was looked upon by most people as the stumbling block of the team. Again Bourne was the underdog, being a class D team, playing against a highly-rated class C team. The first part of the game, as in every preceding one, saw Bourne take the lead with 7 to 0. The ball see-sawed back and forth, first to Bourne's goal, then Middleboro's. In the last few minutes of the first half, one of the Middleboro ends got behind a Bourne secondary and caught a pass for six

points. The point-after attempt was good, bringing the score to a 7-7 tie, the score with which the game ended.

The traditional Thanksgiving Day game with Wareham was sweet revenge for those few who had played the year before and taken a drubbing in Wareham. The decisive triumph was a one-sided affair, led by a dazzling aerial offensive, ending in the score of 39-0, and closing the best season in Bourne's football history.

After the game, the Veterans of Foreign Wars awarded the trophy, which will remain in the school's possession until next year when it again will be at stake.

At a special banquet sponsored by the Kiwanis Club, gold footballs were presented to Raymond Federici, a fine offensive as well as defensive man; Sumner L. Small, guard, and a decided factor in opening holes and stopping opponents' coming through the line; Chris Byron, a guard with plenty of what good football players are made of; Edwards Besse, who, regardless of his size as was found out by those who played against him, was pretty rugged; Eddie Nemiccolo, tackle, a boy who certainly roughed up his opponents; Bob Dean, tackle, who had a knack for getting into the opponents' back field and mussing up plays; Cecil Ross, end, who could really catch a ball any way it was thrown to him and then capitalize on it; William Parady, end, Captain; John Dixon, back, a great punter and signal caller; Jerry Levinson, fine blocking back, yardage gainer, and passer; Mal Coady, back, a fine pass snagger and ball runner; Barbe Putney, back, a fellow who could really hit the line and an equally good passer; Thomas Masterson, and Manny Cardoza, ends, two who could catch a ball and then knew what to do with it; Roger Coggeshall, guard, a fellow whom you just couldn't keep out of a play; and Red McCombie, a really smart quarterback and one of the fastest and shiftest runners ever to carry a pigskin on the Bourne High field.

Others who did not play such a prominent part but who were at all practices and who will be heard from next year are: Kenny Jenkins, Danny Hunt, Maurice Fuller, Maurice Grinnell, Lenny Fougere, Red Clegg, and Francis Ojala.





Basketball

Bourne's basketball team did not enjoy an undefeated season as did the football team, but their record of fourteen wins and seven defeats must be considered as a truly fine season.

Composed of entirely new boys to the varsity game, Bourne floored a team that displayed some fine ball handling and speed.

The team was composed of Paul Gagnon at center; Cecil Ross, Malcolm Coady at forwards; Raymond Federici and Jerry Levinson at guards; all Juniors with the exception of Ross, who is a Sophomore.

In the Cape and Islands Tournament, held in the Bourne Gym, Bourne was eliminated in the semi-finals by the strong Provincetown quintet. The following night they played Sandwich as a preliminary game to the finals.

In this game Bourne displayed their best basketball and closed a fine season while deriving great satisfaction by handing Sandwich the short side of a 38-21 score.

Paul Gagnon, playing at the pivot post, figured in setting up many a point; Cecil Ross and Mal Coady were both fine passers and both high scorers—Ross was given honorable mention on the All-Cape Team and All Tournament.

At the guard positions we were fortunate in having two of the Cape's best: Federici and Levinson. Federici was a fine defensive player and could be called upon to fill a forward berth. He was voted a utility guard post on the All-Cape Basketball Team. About Levinson, if you've seen him play, nothing more can be said; if you haven't, then the fact that he was selected

as a first team guard on the All-Cape Team and also on the All-Tournament Team is all that need be said.

Others who contributed to Bourne's court success are: Red MacCombie, Richard Forsythe, Barbe Putney, George McGovern, Bill Parady, John Dixon, Kenny Jenkins, Red Kelley, Alton Ames, Manny Cardoza, Danny Hunt and Jimmy Earle.

Because all of the five first-team men are returning next year, we anticipate one of the greatest years in Bourne's court history.

BOURNE'S RECORD

Bourne 35	Yarmouth 24		
Bourne 29	Maritime Acad. 28	Bourne 25	Falmouth 24
Bourne 19	New Bed. Tex. 17	Bourne 30	Sandwich 37
Bourne 22	Falmouth 20	Bourne 43	Provincetown 95
Bourne 22	Sandwich 26	Bourne 38	Yarmouth 23
Bourne 23	Orleans 19	Bourne 45	Barnstable 25
Bourne 36	Wareham 19	Bourne 26	Tabor Academy 28
Bourne 31	Orleans 38	Bourne 36	Fairhaven 40
Bourne 31	Barnstable 21	Bourne 37	Barnstable 29
Bourne 27	Provincetown 52	Bourne 19	Provincetown 57
Bourne 23	Wareham 16	Bourne 32	Sandwich 21

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



Sumner Small Robert Dean
Bertha Johnson



Cape Cod Basketball Tournament

Called off last year because of the war, the annual basketball post-season tournament was resumed this year and established new high records for attendance, caliber of performance, and all-round enthusiasm. This year's tournament brought together basketball representatives from ten Cape and Islands schools.

The first game between Nantucket and Wellfleet proved to be a not too spectacular game in which the boys from Nantucket won an easy victory. The game following the Nantucket-Wellfleet game, between Yarmouth and Harwich, was anyone's game until the final quarter when Yarmouth rallied to win by the score of 43-39.

The second night of the tourney drew one of the largest crowds in the classic's history. Four excellent contests were staged between Falmouth and Nantucket, Provincetown and Yarmouth, Sandwich and Orleans, Bourne and Barnstable.

The Falmouth-Nantucket affair saw Nantucket eliminate herself via the personal foul route. In fact, so many of the players fouled out that Coach Laundry had to call upon his manager to don a suit and take the place of one of his regulars.

The second game of the evening, which brought Provincetown's great basketball team into its first 1944 Tournament performance, against Yarmouth High, was a "walk away" game for Provincetown.

The game between Sandwich and Orleans was something of an upset. The game, which was close throughout, saw Orleans, which was a decided favorite, handed a shellacking.

The last game, awaited patiently by all Bourne rooters, saw two teams make their tournament debut. This game, which was by all means the most exciting and classiest played game up to that time, saw Bourne, which had twice defeated Barnstable, head for defeat until they broke loose in the final quarter and emerged victors.

The semi-finals held on Friday night saw two more teams' hopes of winning the 1944 court crown vanish. The first game saw Lawrence High of Falmouth win a one-sided victory over Sandwich. Our own favorites were eliminated in the second contest of the evening by Provincetown High and thus, "one of the classiest teams of the tournament" in the words of one of the newspaper sports writers, "was eliminated." Bourne battled throughout the game and the early stages threatened to topple Provincetown's dream of Cape Championship.

The finals brought together the two teams which had climbed to the top of the tournament ladder without a mishap, Provincetown and Falmouth.

As a preliminary, Sandwich and Bourne, eliminated the previous night, met in a game which proved Bourne could beat Sandwich. Bourne outscored Sandwich in every quarter except the last when a whole team of Bourne reserves took over. It was *truly* sweet revenge for these fellows who had twice suffered defeat at Sandwich's hands.

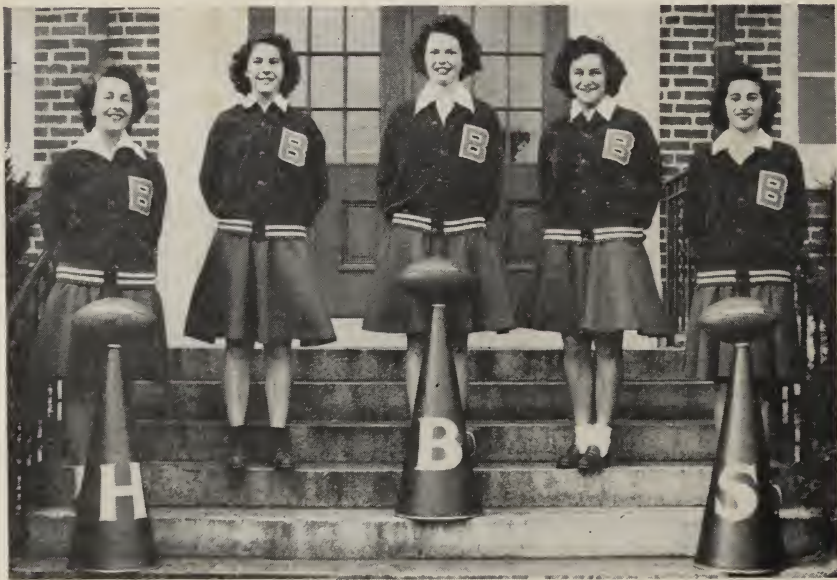
Provincetown closed a glorious season for themselves by defeating Falmouth in the last game of the 1944 tourney and seizing the Cape Cod Cham-

pionship of 1944. This game was a grand finale to a very successful tournament. The fighting Falmouth team compelled Provincetown to play its best ball of the season.

So well received was this year's tournament that we must have another next year.

TOURNAMENT SCORES

Wednesday Scores			
Nantucket	39	Wellfleet	25
Yarmouth	43	Harwich	39
Thursday Scores			
Falmouth	40	Nantucket	25
Provincetown	57	Yarmouth	19
Sandwich	37	Orleans	29
Bourne	37	Barnstable	29
Friday Scores			
Falmouth	58	Sandwich	23
Provincetown	57	Bourne	35
Saturday Scores			
Bourne	38	Sandwich	21
Provincetown	57	Falmouth	43



Field Hockey

War conditions made it almost impossible for the girls' hockey squad to schedule many games, but it wouldn't seem like hockey season without a few games.

Our first game was an encounter with Yarmouth at Yarmouth, and even though the girls played their hardest to win, we were defeated 2-1. Hopes were with the Eourne seconds, but they too were defeated, 1-0.

Two weeks later we were to have a return game with Yarmouth, but as I said, war conditions made it impossible.

These were the only two games we were able to schedule for the season, but the boys' football squad having some sympathy for us, offered us a game. Again the girls, trying hard, were defeated only by a 2-1 score.

We wish to express our thanks to Miss Martin and Miss Hatch for their time with the girls.

LINE UP First Team

Wings:

Martha Gay
Janice Ellis
Frances Berry

Inners:

Martha Sanford
Olga Marchisio

Center:

Athena Karalekas

Goalie:

Carol Young

Half Backs:

Betty Fontes (Capt.)
Natalie Pope
Alba Marchisio

Full Backs:

Titika Thamalis
Thelma Rowe

Second Team

Jean Grant
Sheila Harding

Jane Macdonald
Ruth Raymond
Estella Manamon

Leona Dwyer
Ernestine Tobey





Girls' Basketball

Under the supervision of our coach, Mr. Clayton E. Campbell (now in the U. S. Navy), the girls started the season with all the enthusiasm a team needs.

With only two weeks of practice, the girls were ready for their first game with Wareham at Bourne. Still green at the sport, we lost with a smile, 25-19. The second team lost also, 12-9.

Our second game was with Sandwich at Sandwich, and again we lost, 21-16.

A return game with Sandwich was played at Bourne after vacation, but our opponents were too much and defeated us with the same score as our first game, 25-19.

Our last game of the season was played with Wareham at Wareham. We were set on invading Wareham and I do mean invading! We ended the season quite happy as victors with a 31-12 score.

Our deepest thanks to Mr. Campbell for his time and companionship.

LINE UP

First Team

Forwards:

Ethel Parrott
Olga Marchisio
Betty Fontes
Athena Karalekas
Barbara Dwyer
Marie Cristofori

Guards:

Bertha Johnson
Marjorie Cardoza
Titika Thamalis
Natalie Pope

Second Team

Forwards:

Martha Sanford
Alba Marchisio
Leona Dwyer
Sarah Hunt
Sheila Harding
Vivian Trench

Guards:

Roberta Fisher
Jane Macdonald
Helen Wing
Frances Berry
Thelma Rowe
Jean Grant
Patia Ellis

The Juniors:

Now the dial turns again and we are in our Junior year, growing older, feeling wiser, for this is the year when we begin to put away childish things and prepare for the great responsibilities we must assume *when* and *if* we become Seniors, and you can't hang a man for trying! As I said before, if the faculty is good to us, we'll need- knowledge, and money,—plus a super-superiority complex to carry into our Senior year, so here is a list in brief of our activities—regular and irregular. Upon the regular, our future must be built; so we have just plugged in the classroom, laboratory, and shop! The extent and violence of the irregular indicate the growth which may be expected when these forces are drawn to the proper channels.

For our class president, we chose Roger Coggeshall; vice president, Mal Coady; secretary and treasurer, Edith Haslam; and Student Council member, Pete Federici; and Miss Kelleher became our class adviser and home room teacher.

Now that we are blowing our own horns, but just rowing our own boats and how! a modest list of our superiorities (to which we add "super" next year" is as follows:

Four Juniors and one Sophomore equals the First Basketball Team.

Ten Juniors and one Sophomore equals the Dramatic Club.

AND 10 Juniors are wearing the gold football! and!

A certain amount of "what it takes" may have been exchanged at Atwood's for "hot dogs and cokes," but more went into the purchase of War Stamps and Bonds and contributions to the Red Cross Drive.

Now we are concentrating on Junior Prom—one of the social privileges of B. H. S., and whether you contact your first Black Market for gas—or arrive in "the Surrey with the Fringe on Top," come you must.

The Junior Class of '44—what memories—what happiness—what a contribution to the future of America!



FRESHMEN

FIRST ROW, Left to Right: Ruth Remick, Sheila Harding, Margaret Dodd, Carol Young, Leona Dwyer, Francis Ojala, Ruth Raymond, Alton Ames, Louis Fougere, Ruth Bassett, Isabel Perry, Jane Macdonald.

SECOND ROW: Sheila Phillips, Barbara Anderson, Estella Manamon, Norma Philbrick, Ernestine Tobey, Rosemary Robinson, Sadie Sampson, Ethel Burns, Robert Wallace, Norman Harris, David Clouette, Gordon Denison, George Robbins.

THIRD ROW: Alba Pasteris, Emily Bigelow, Bradford Raleigh, Melvin Burns, Kenneth Jenkins, Richard Forsythe, Laurence Jackson, Daniel Hunt, Edward Aylmer, Richard Raymond, Anthony Cardoza.

FOURTH ROW: Fred LaChapelle, Alexander Byron, Robert Rose, Glynn Compton, Robert Wing, David Clegg, Manuel Fernandes, Ernest Johnson, Francis Watson, Richard Layton.

Freshman Class

At the beginning of the school of the year, Freshman class officers were elected as follows: Francis Ojala, President; Alton Ames, Vice-President; Ruth Raymond, Secretary; Leona Dwyer, Treasurer; and Louis Fougere, Student Council Representative.

On Hallowe'en the Freshmen observed the annual custom of being initiated by the Sophomores. There were various types of personal initiations. One boy and girl were made to sing "A Bicycle Built for Two" substituting each other's names for "Daisy, Daisy." There was a contest to see who could roll an apple with his nose the quickest over a certain distance. The winner had a rotten tomato squashed on his head. The tallest girl and the shortest boy had to dance together. There were games and refreshments. After the initiation there was dancing.

In February the Freshmen put on a musical assembly. "The Lord's Prayer" and "The Pilgrim's Chorus" from *Tannhauser* were sung by the whole class under the direction of Mr. White, with Emily Bigelow accompanying at the piano. Vocal solos were "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," and "My Shining Hour," rendered by Francis Ojala. Also, there was a piano and violin duet with Ruth Raymond at the piano and Emily Bigelow playing the violin.

In the latter part of March the Freshmen had the misfortune of losing their homeroom teacher, Mr. Campbell. Mr. Campbell is now an apprentice seaman in the U. S. Navy. Miss Hatch is now our homeroom teacher and Mrs. Korf holds most of her classes in our room.



SOPHOMORES

FIRST ROW, Left to Right: Ann McCraw, Roberta Fisher, Helen Wing, Alba Marchisio, George McGovern, Martha Sanford, Dorothy Tripp, Jean Grant, Maurice Grinnell, Richard Vigliano, Stephen Graham, Clifford Perham.

SECOND ROW: Jean Gibbs, Titika Thamalis, Nancy Calder, June Mendes, Evelyn Cardoza, Patricia Haslam, Frances Berry, Thelma Rowe, Janetta Reynolds, Sylvia Cubellis, Cornelia Robbins.

THIRD ROW: Philip Handy, Raymond Jones, Vivian Trench, Mary Cecchi, Margaret Aylmer, Doris White, Phyllis Harrison, Ellen Robinson, Donald Kelley, George Christopoulos, Manuel Amado.

FOURTH ROW: Donald Wing, John Sanford, Roger Whittier, John Fougere, James Earle, Howard Boyd, Bernard Downing, John Dixon, Cecil Ross, Leonard Fougere, Herbert Ellis.

The Sophomores

Back to school we joyfully (?) trotted, no longer 60 bewildered youngsters but 48 intelligent grown-ups (so we said!) After greeting our old friends, we found that twelve of our Freshman classmates had left us. But we also found that we had a new girl with us, Marilyn Jacobs, but she left before we had even started to diet for Thanksgiving.

We immediately elected, to lead us during our Sophomore "daze," as president, that handsome blue-eyed fellow, who is always smiling and talking about any subject except Latin during Latin class. Right you are, the one and only (thank goodness) George McGovern. Dorothy Tripp won the honor of being vice-president. The position of secretary was filled by Jean Grant, and Martha Sanford was chosen to keep our financial affairs straight. Maurice "Chug" Grinnell caused a great deal of excitement (remember, girls?) before he stepped up to take his place as a member of the Student Council.

Class elections over, we began our preparations for the Freshman Initiation. We'll leave it to the Freshmen to tell about that.

We, the Sophomores, have set a new record. We chose our class rings in 45 minutes. After the choice was narrowed down to two rings, the boys wanted one and the girls wanted the other. Naturally, the girls won.

Winter came and passed. Gray hairs and wrinkles began to make their appearance on our teachers.

The Sophomore janitor, Gordon Wixon, left us, soon followed by two boys who have joined forces with Uncle Sam's navy, William Phillips and George Bassett. Thus our class has dwindled to 45 members. We, as the whole school does, mourn the leaving of Mr. Campbell for the Navy.

Again, our class were the champions of the magazine drive by going way over our quota. Our reward—humiliated Juniors served us ice cream.

In the Athletic Association drive, once more we proved that our class spirit was tops. We hit 100% on the nose. As a result, a free movie was enjoyed by all.

More proof of our class spirit is that four of next year's cheer leaders come from our class. They are Bobbie Fisher, Martha Sanford, Alba Marchisio, and Jean Grant.

There is a certain corner in our room where Miss Tuomi's eyes often roam. Watch out there! Otherwise, the year will probably end serenely and uneventfully.



SENIORS

FIRST ROW, Left to Right: Herbert MacCombie, Catherine Handy, Edward Nemiccolo, Elizabeth Fontes, Charles Forbush, Athena Karalekas, Bertha Johnson, Ethel Parrott, Olga Marchisio, Mary Masterson.

SECOND ROW: Anna Gibbs, Juanita Rapose, Dorothy Bassett, Martha Gay, Barbara Dwyer, Patia Ellis, Marjorie Cardoza, Gertrude Coombs, Florence Forlivesi.

THIRD ROW: Hugh Robinson, Janice Ellis, Darrah MacLeod, Muriel Hendrick, Marilyn Crump, Irene White, Clara Cecchi, Dorothy Jackson.

FOURTH ROW: Arthur Anderson, David Norris, Charles Harris, Robert Dean, Oliver Watka, Charles Byron, Hollis Phinney.

The Senior Class

In direct contrast to the class of 1943, the 1944 class was found to be overwhelmingly on the female side when September 1943, rolled around. Opening day found the seats in the Senior room amply (?) filled by 16 potential G. I. Joes and 26 of the species that fill the uniforms of Wacs, Waves, and Spars so nicely. To this group was added one—Connie Lins who stayed with us only long enough to get acquainted. We were sorry to see her leave us, and shortly afterwards Evelyn Valentine left also. Marilyn Crump, who had been with us until last year, returned.

To guide the destinies of our class during this all-important year of our lives, Athena Karalekas was elected president. To assist her, Herbert MacCombie was elected vice president; Catherine Handy, Secretary; Edward Nemico, treasurer; Charles Forbush, sergeant-at-arms; and William Hart, Student Council member.

In conjunction with a Victory dance held after the Bourne-Yarmouth football game, a raffle was held. As it was near Thanksgiving, the baskets of groceries and turkeys given as raffle prizes were most appropriate. Through the cooperation of the student body, a most successful time was presented. The hearty thanks of the Yarmouth football team and cheerleaders, who were our guests at the dance, more than rewarded us for our efforts.

Not that we had forgotten there is a war going on, but somehow it was brought home to us more vividly by the leaving of Nello Blegno to join the Army, and Sumner Small, William Hart, and William Sampson to join the Navy, shortly after Christmas Vacation.

Our thanks go to Miss Martha Tuomi for making our Senior play, "Pure as the Driven Snow," a great success.

In March a splendid musical program was presented by the Class of 1947 and at the end of this assembly program, the Seniors raffled off several baskets of food. Together with the money we had been accumulating during our first three years in high school, the proceeds from this raffle, the raffle at Thanksgiving, the Senior play, and the Victory dance, made us feel able to finance a trip to New York.

A letter of request was sent to the school committee and with the splendid cooperation of our superintendent, principal, and school committee, the New York trip became an actuality.

Mr. and Mrs. Musch Kayajan of Buzzards Bay were selected as chaperones, and what splendid choice that was! Just before leaving, a tea was held to give the chaperones a chance to meet the Seniors and vice versa. (The parents of the class members were invited, but were conspicuous for their absence!) Mr. Peebles and Mr. Coady very ably introduced each Senior and gave a thumbnail sketch of each one to Mr. and Mrs. Kayajan.

We wish to thank our faculty for making our activities a success through their cooperation.



The Senior Class Play

The Senior class play, which took place December 17, 1943, was an old "mellow drammer" with Robert Dean as the hero; Anna Gibbs, the heroine; Charles Forbush, the villain; and Bertha Johnson, the villainess. The name was "Pure as the Driven Snow" or "A Working Girl's Secret."

The story tells how Purity Dean (played by Anna Gibbs), a poor working girl, who has run away from the factory where she had worked to escape the villain, Mortimer Frothingham (played by Charles Forbush), arrives at a tavern run by the Logans (played by Sumner Small and Marilyn Crump). There she is welcomed by the hero, Leander Longfellow (played by Robert Dean), who falls deeply in love with her. But poor Purity finds she has fled in vain, for Mortimer and his assistant, Jed Lunn (played by Hugh Robinson), come to the inn. Shortly after their arrival a baby is found in the barn by Leander, and Mrs. Ethlinda Hewlitt (Barbara Dwyer) and her daughter Alison (Janice Ellis), who are guests at the inn, demand that Purity leave the inn with the babe, since Mortimer, seeking Purity's destruction, has convinced them that the babe is Purity's. Then the coming of Eric or E. Z. (played by David Norris) and his sister, Imogene Pickens (played by Bertha Johnson), who happens to love Leander, complicates matters even more. The play ends with E.Z. falling in love with Alison; Imogene being left out in the cold; the Logans with their mortgage to be paid; Jed Lunn getting a short prison term; Mortimer, a long one; Mrs. Faith Hogue (played by Catherine Handy) and her maid, Lettie Barber (played by Muriel Hendrick), happy because of the finding of Faith's baby and sister Purity, who from that time on will be happy with Leander.

The happy ending is partly due to Nellie Morris, Mortimer's wife (played by Athena Karalekas), who arrived just in time to help bring about Mortimer's downfall on charges of kidnapping and fraudulent securing of money.

As a member of the cast of the play, I should like to give you a little inside information concerning our rehearsals.

We rehearsed for three weeks, every night, except of course when State Guard, Saturday night movies, or other important activities interrupted. We began promptly at seven, unless we waited for someone to come from work, or to be brought over from Buzzards Bay, or to walk up from Sagamore. Everyone's lines were learned by the end of the first week except for those few who had private rehearsals and help from Miss Tuomi, or those few who took a few days from school during the last week to learn theirs; for "you'd better learn those lines, or else." Yes, save for our perpetual monkey who continually swung out onto the stage by a rope and even the very night of the play climbed up to the top of the curtains to ascertain that particular difficulty; except for the boys who were often hard to find but with Miss Tuomi fast on their trail; and the silly giggling girls wrapped in coats, mittens, scarfs, and bandanas to keep from freezing to death (O! it was cold in the auditorium those winter nights), the play was pronounced a success by both financial reports for our class treasury and by the extreme enjoyment of the townspeople as they laughed, sang, and hissed, through a real old-fashioned melodrama.

Senior Class Trip

It was on the morning of April 16 that the felicitous Seniors met at the Buzzards Bay railroad station to leave in private cars for Providence. After tramping through ten cars we finally found the coach chartered for US, "The Hellgate," well named. Then the fun began!!! (Not even the mumps could hold some of the Seniors back although the others had their fears.) Singing, joking—well, the usual—went on till we reached Pennsylvania Station.

Wonderful weather after arriving—good appetites (eating hours from 6 A.M. to 6 A.M.)—immediate room service with that "Boogie-Woogie Touch"—house detectives kept busy twenty-four hours never knowing whom they would bump into—Surprise! Surprise! Some of the group picked up etiquette at that Lyon's Chop House and that cute little refreshment stand selling "pina colada" and the free drinks! Those beautiful corsages sold well! Rushing business! Room-to-room telephone service stopped at 12 P.M. but some managed 24-hour service; how did they do it? Window shopping on Fifth Avenue and entering the exclusive salons; money was no barrier, only mien. Oh, that poor Bristol Kid; one should face the consequences—the incident at the Aquarium, what an orchestra! what a crowd!!

The tours were led by Mr. Kayajan, and his twenty-eight followers tried not to look like country hicks, but we could be spotted anywhere. Some had sunburn on the roofs of their mouths and others were shoved around by the people for being so slow. We can just hear Mr. Kayajan calling, "Are we all here?" Girls galore, but as for fellers, they were out of the question. It took more than "Arsenic and Old Lace" to keep the group awake the last night. One would think we didn't get any sleep. Well, some of us didn't! Not that we minded—we just didn't want to waste any time!

We wonder who sent the telegrams coming through at 6:00 A.M. My, My, what a puzzle—If you want to know how to get room service in a hotel, ask Betty.

We forgot to ask the girls in room 1014 if they caught the "peanut brittle" coming down from the upper floor. We surely would like that recipe. All in all, we had a wonderful time and hope next year's class gets a chance to go.

The Study Hall

Up from our seats we jumped when the bell rang,
And somebody dropped his watch with a clang;
But over his fingers and watch we did trek,
In a dash for the study hall to get seated, by heck.

At the door of the hall was a real traffic jam.
The door was clogged with every Tom, Dick, and Sam.
But we finally pushed through and our eyes they glow,
When we spied our own seats in the second row.

Down we sat and set down our books,
And the teacher did give us some dirty looks.
Then the quiet bell rang and we settled to work,
When down went a chair with a crash and a jerk.

The jerk got his books and went to another seat,
And once again study hall became quiet and neat.
Until those wise guys who think they know all,
Once again disrupted study hall.

It seems as how some of them were fooling around,
And one dared another to jump to the ground.
So over to the window and up with the sash,
He jumped out the window and landed ka-thrash!

Up jumped the teacher who had been fast asleep,
(present company excepted)
And tore down the aisle as if he were a Jeep.
He glanced out the window and that was enough;
He gave two yellow slips for that kind of stuff.

By this time the bell was ready to ring.
And someone, poor soul, had started to sing.
Just as his voice lingered there ready to fall
The bell rang and we marched out of the old study hall.

Robert Dean, '44



Class Alphabet

A is for Alex, a real friend to all
B is for Byron, who loves to play ball
C is for Coady, the principal's son
D is for days that are filled full of fun
E is for Edith with a very good mind
F is for Federici, a specimen fine
G is for Gagnon (T) with unruly hair
H is for Harrison who is really quite fair
I is for Idiots; there are none in the class
J is for Jarvis, a pretty young lass
K is for Kate, known as Jeanne to all
L is for Levinson, so broad and so tall
M is for Masterson, quite an athlete
N is for Natalie, who is always neat
O is for Ordinary, not this Junior Class
P is for Parady, who loves "Wareham, Mass."
Q is for Queer as some describe me
R is for Raleigh, we are all glad to see
S is for Snow, no task is too hard
T is for Tucky, who is in the State Guard
U is for Useful; we all want to be
V is for Victory we soon want to see
W is for Wing; how well she sings
X is for Xmas and the good things it brings
Y is for yellow, a color so bright
Z is for Zebra with stripes black and white

Junior Popularity Contest [Mostly in Fun]

Class Braggart	Ralph Tucy
Corny Comedian	Malcolm Coady
Class Babies	Leland Perry
	Barbara Grinnell
Class Screwballs	Ralph Tucy
	Jeannie Giep
Class Bluffs	Barbe Putney
	Jeannie Giep
Class Venus	Marilyn Wing
Class Apollo	William Parady
Class Wolf	Barbe Putney
Class Wolfess	Ellie Thamalis
Most Shy	Donald Fuller
	Barbara Grinnell
Most Bold	Chris Byron
	Jeannie Giep
Class Flirts	Barbe Putney
	Ellie Thamalis
Done the Most for the School	William Parady
	Edith Haslam
Done the School for the Most	Malcolm Coady
Most Argumentative	Chris Byron
Most Pull with the Faculty	Marilyn Wing
Most Fickle	Barbe Putney
	Jeannie Giep
Most Independent	Jerry Levinson
Best Actor	Paul Gagnon
Best Actress	Millicent Jarvis
Demerit Champion	Malcolm Coady
Class Athletes	Marie Cristofori
	Jerry Levinson
Most Likely to Succeed	William Parady
	Edith Haslam

A "Moving" Tale

One day, "A Guy Named Joe," of the "Fighting Seabees," met the "Phantom Lady" on the "Passage to Marseilles." They climbed "Higher and Higher" to "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" where they danced to "The Song of Russia." Joe was "Up in Arms" when "The Sullivans" cut in and said, "Lady, Let's Dance." They were "The Uninvited." "A Voice in the Wind" told him to dance with "The Lady in the Dark," and not wait for the "Phantom Lady." Joe was a "Chip off the Old Block" and during "The Song of Bernadette" he got his gal back. There was "No Greater Love" but "No Time for Love" as he hurried his gal by the "North Star" to the "Address Unknown."

The New York Trip

The Seniors' enthusiasm was filled with delight
When of the city of New York we first caught sight.
The Coca-Cola program we first went to see,
The product being our chaperones' specialty.
We saw Fred Allen and heard his jokes of corn,
Also Fred Waring who knows how to put a program on.
The tour of Rockefeller Center was a grand surprise;
The cute little guide made us all open our eyes.
The tours we took and the places we saw
Made all our mouths open with ah's and awe.
The ferry ride to Staten Island was as nice as could be—
There we got a splendid view of our Lady of Liberty.
"Arsenic and Old Lace" we thought would be the climax;
It was so boring we were able to sleep and relax.
After many more happenings for which I haven't room to tell.
We were ready to leave New York and bid it farewell.
I never appreciated our breezy, spacious Cape Cod so much
As after seeing a city so crowded with people and buildings
and such.
In a Senior's book of memory
The New York trip will make history.

Clara Cecchi, '44

America

A is *ambition* which paved the way
That our country might be what it is today,
M is the *might* which we show when we must
If the cause we fight for, proves to be just.
E is *endeavor* which down through the years
Has helped us forward, through all our fears.
R is for *right* which in this dear land
Gives freedom and hope to every man.
I is *independence* which belongs to us now
We'll keep it forever or so we do vow.
C is for *character*; ours must be strong
To lead the whole world in our fight against wrong.
A is *achievement* which comes when we're true
To the flag that we love—the red, white, and blue.
Shall we put them together and spell out the word
America! America! the land we all love.

Janice Ellis, '44

Modern Girl

Blessings on thee, modern girl
Wearing socks and hair all curled.
With thy slang, and jazzy songs
Dancing merrily until morn.
With thy red lips reddened more
Smeared with lipstick from the store.
With thy figure trim and slim
From thy workouts in the "gym".
From my heart I give thee joy
Am I glad that I'm a boy!

Fisherman's Luck

Down by my house where the herring run thick
And bass in their splendor abide
Down by my house where the fishermen hit
The cod as they run at slack tide,

There once came a boy who thought he could fish
Better than anyone known.
He threw out his line; oh, just a few feet
And got it caught up on a stone.

He pulled and he yanked, and oh, what a fight
Until the line stood it no more
And with a great snap the boy he fell back
And landed flat on the shore.

He slowly sat up and let out a groan
And I fell down in a roar
For the boy, when he fell, had sat down real hard
Right flat on top of a stone.

And that night as he lay dreaming,
Of the things that had happened that day,
He swore never to remember
The things down by my way.

Roger Coggeshall, '45

Smart Young Man

Blessings on thee, smart young man
Dressed so gay and spic and span
With thy wave and slicked-down hair
And thy million-dollar air.
You must learn to stay out late
With the girls you chance to date;
You must dance and drive a car
Try to be her favorite "star."
From my heart, I'll tell the world
I had rather be the girl!

Contributed by Janice Ellis, '44

"School Days"

"For the First Time"	That "A" in Chemistry
"My Heart Tells Me"	I'll repeat this year!
"I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night"	That English Test
"Oh, What A Beautiful Morning"	SATURDAY!!!
"Do I Worry?"	Math Test
"Constantly"	Homework
"Please Say It Over Again"	Lunchtime
"These Foolish Things"	Biology notebooks and four o'clock sessions
"The Same Old Story"	Tests, tests, tests
"At Last"	June and Vacation
"It Started All Over Again"	Homework on April 24
"Without A Song"	And <i>With</i> a white slip
"My Shining Hour"	From 2 P. M. on!!
"Night and Day"	Home lessons

Virginia Snow, '45

CANAL CURRENTS, BOURNE HIGH SCHOOL





Alma Mater

From elm trees tall, soft shadows fall,
And speak to us of Bourne High.
Loud voices raise, in songs of praise,
For our dear old Bourne High.
Remember all the friendships made,
And memories that ne'er will fade.
Through your ideals, we'll reach our goal;
Bourne High, dear Bourne High.

And when from your loved doors we go,
We'll go with pride because we know
Within your walls, the lessons gained,
Will help us all, our goals attain.
When we return, in later years,
From far and wide we'll gather here,
And sing your praise for all to hear;
Bourne High, dear Bourne High.

Helen Murray, '43

We Quiz The Faculty . . .

Questions we ask the faculty:

1. Your hero (or heroine)?
2. What did you dream of doing when you were a child?
3. Your pet fear?
4. Your favorite comedian?
5. Your opinion of the demerit system?
6. Your favorite age?
7. Why do you enjoy having the Juniors in your class?
8. Favorite drink?
9. Why do you give so many tests?
10. Favorite class period?

MR. COADY:

Answers:

1. "The Shadow."
2. Inventing a rock picker—(too many rocks on the Maine farm).
3. It will start raining brown-tail moths down my neck.
4. Wooden-headed Charlie.
5. Think well of it—I should too—it is one of my own brain storms.
6. Nineteen and rugged.
7. They don't snore when they sleep.
8. Chase & Sanborn.
9. You can't blame me for striving to discover a student.
10. Geometry—when the class is prepared.

MR. STAHURA:

Answers:

1. General MacArthur.
2. Practising medicine.
3. Nazism.
4. Robert Benchley.
5. Excellent.
6. Sixteen.
7. Refuse to answer on grounds of incrimination.
8. Chocolate malted milk.
9. Don't give many.
10. 1st & 5th.

MR. ANDERSSON:

Answers:

1. Hedy Lamarr.
2. Sailing the ocean blue.
3. Women.
4. Walter Stahura.
5. It seems to be working.
6. Stone age.
7. Do I?
8. Milk shake.
9. I don't.
10. 1st period Tuesday.

MISS TUOMI:

Answers:

1. Li'l Abner.
2. Rewriting the ending of sad stories so that the villain is put through a meat-chopper or boiled in oil or something equally fitting.
3. June-bugs.
4. Fibber McGee and Hugh.
5. It should have been put into operation long ago. That it is a successful device is proven by the fact that the number of detainees keeps decreasing.
6. Eight to eighty-eight.
7. Who says I do?
8. Coffee, Java, Mocha.
9. To prevent your brains becoming musclebound.
10. Need you ask? Any but third, of course.

MISS HATCH:

Answers:

1. Jimmy.
2. Teaching school!
3. Working.
4. Walterkins.
5. My opinion might not coincide with yours.
6. Ten.
7. It's such a relief to see them go out the door.
8. Need you ask? (Milk).
9. Motivation.
10. 7th.

MISS KELLEHER:

Answers:

1. Dagwood.
2. Visiting Ireland.
3. Straight hair on rainy days.
4. One Junior lad.
5. It makes for domestic peace.
6. Forty.
7. Fate ordained it. I like to cooperate with the inevitable.
8. Grape juice.
9. Morale building purposes.
10. 3rd.

MISS MARTIN:

Answers:

1. Nicky Mouse.
2. That's too long ago for me to remember—ha!
3. Fear—Of being alone.
4. "Shapiro."

5. Excellent because it gives me a chance to get caught up on my correspondence.
6. 6 months.
7. Because they're so unexpected.
8. Blackberry sherbet punch.
9. To see how many pupils will tell their neighbors the answers when they think I'm not listening.
10. 1st special.
7. Because they have a nice sense of humor.
8. Milk.
9. Because I like to grade papers.
10. 7th period.

MR. WHITE:

Answers:

1. A 3-year old, blue-eyed tornado named Denny!
2. Didn't have dreams; had night-(mares). Had to get rid of them—too destructive—ate up the mattress.
3. That Hitler will die of old age.
4. See above No. 1.
5. An overwhelming success.
6. 26. To those after that age Uncle Sam sends "Greetings." I am definitely after that age!
7. I don't have the Juniors in my class! That we enjoy, don't we, Juniors?
8. A Molotov cocktail—right in Tojo's face.
9. To see how many people can give how many different answers—all wrong.
10. Just as I did in 1943—period that denotes feeding time.

MR. WARNER:

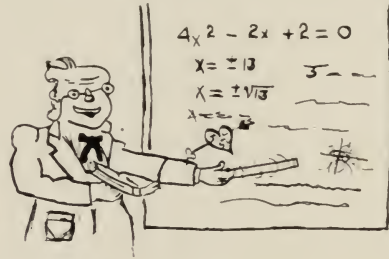
Answers:

1. Madame Chiang-Kai-Shek.
2. Falling.
3. Rats.
4. Gildersleeve.
5. Great stuff!
6. Fortv.
7. *Swell class.*
8. Milk.
9. I never do.
10. 1st.

MRS. KORF:

Answers:

1. Mortimer Snerd.
2. Being a barber.
3. Boring the U. S. History Class.
4. Mr. Stahura.
5. Good method for controlling the immature members of the student body.
6. Just past "sweet 16."



Where did Levinson ever get such a haircut. It makes his ears stand out twice as far.

She used to be my flame until she went out with that squirt.

"My feet were sticking out of the covers."

"Why didn't you pull them in?"

"I ain't putting those cold things in bed with me."

All the people on the block were saying that a certain lady was crazy because she ate pancakes. A man heard them saying it and he thought it funny because he liked pancakes and he didn't consider himself crazy.

One day the two met and they got to talking. Well, soon she came up with the fact that she liked pancakes. He claimed he liked them, too. Then the lady said that she had had them for breakfast, lunch and dinner the day before. At that the man said that he liked them enough to eat them three times a day, too.

"That's fine," she said. "Come up to my house to have some with me. I have a whole closet full of them."

We would appreciate your patronizing our advertisers

Compliments of

LESTER PARKER, D. M. D.

Sandwich

Mass.

Sagamore 130

Compliments of

ROLLER RINK

We have in our class a young man

Who acts just as silly as he can—

When the teacher throws a look,

He hides behind his book

And wishes he had a large fan!

FIRST NATIONAL STORE

. . . SELF SERVICE . . .

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E. M. Ellis

Managers

M. I. Fuller

J. N. Kunhardt

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4 P.M. to 11.30 P.M.

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There was a lad, Bill Parady by name,

Who has finally arrived at fame;

He distributes his winks

Whenever he thinks

The girls will return the same.

Compliments of

CANAL STORE

Opposite Depot

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Mass.

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Buzzards Bay

Mass.

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Tel. B. B. 227

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Complete line of Fresh Meats,
Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables

Birdseye Frosted Foods

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Roger is fond of a certain girl—

About her face her soft hair does curl.

She's a sweet little lass,

To Roger the queen of the class;

She keeps his poor head in a whirl.

Compliments of

"THE COLLEGE SHOP"

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Onset

Mass.

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RECREATION CENTER**

"Come up and see us"

H. S. MILLETT

FRUITS & VEGETABLES

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Sagamore

Mass.

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JENNEY SERVICE STATION

Used Cars

Buzzards Bay

Mass.

Compliments of

ELEANOR'S RESTAURANT

There was a man from Boston,

Who had a Baby Austin.

There was room for a lass

And a gallon of gas,

But his tires rolled off and he lost 'em.

160 Tremont St. Boston, Mass.

PURDY

PORTRAITURE FOR MEN,

WOMEN and CHILDREN

- BRIDAL PORTRAITS -

Copying and Enlarging — Sittings
at Studio and Home.

SALMUGUNDI

GIFT SHOP

"GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS"

Main Street

Buzzards Bay

Mass.

We would appreciate your patronizing our advertisers

Compliments of
**BOURNE POLICE RELIEF
ASSOCIATION**

PAT CLOUETTE'S
TYDOL
FILLING STATION

There was a girl named Ella,
Who went out with a bowlegged fella.
She sat in his lap
And fell through the gap
Clear down into the cellar.

FOR CLEAN SPORTS
**CANAL SPORTSMEN'S
CLUB**
SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE
CAPE COD CANAL

Buzzards Bay
Mass.

HANDY FILLING STATION
Edward C. Handy, Proprietor
GASOLINE OILS
SPECIALIZED
LUBRICATION
GOODRICH TIRES
WILLARD BATTERIES
30-Minute Battery Charging
State Road Buzzards Bay, Mass.
Tel. 143

We would appreciate your patronizing our advertisers

Compliments of

LOU GALLERANI

Compliments of

BILL BROOKS

There was a young man from Altuna
Who went for a ride in a schooner.
The waves they were high
And he thought he would die
When he was hit in the eye by a tuna.

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Compliments of

HENRY DAINTY

Compliments of

SAGAMORE GOAT DAIRY

JOHN THAMALIS

We would appreciate your patronizing our advertisers

Compliments of

JAMES CHASE

POCASSET POST OFFICE

Compliments of

BOBBY'S EGG FARM

FRESH EGGS

PICKLED EGGS

BROILERS

Tel. Buzzards Bay 92

There is a teacher in our school today,
Who is friendly and seems to be gay,
Yet it won't be long
Before he'll belong
To the army of our U. S. A.

Compliments of

**PACKAGE
STORE**

Sagamore, Mass.

Compliments of

**Athletic
Association**

Bourne High School

We would appreciate your patronizing our advertisers

Compliments of

DR. FORBUSH

Compliments of

ROLLEI STUDIO

When we see Frankie, we all beam,
For he is the one of whom we dream.

He has unruly hair,

But he has something there;

No wonder we all scream and scream!

**Eastman's Sporting Goods
Store**

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL

ATHLETIC SUPPLIES

GOLDSMITH PRODUCTS

Tel. 407

Falmouth, Mass.

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AND SUPPORT WHILE SERV-
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Cape Cod Secretarial School

DAY, EVENING and
BOARDING SCHOOL

We would appreciate your patronizing our advertisers

Compliments of

ELDRIDGE LUMBER CO.

LUMBER, HARDWARE
and BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

Tel. Buzzards Bay 72

ATWOOD'S SODA SHOPPE

Trading Post Corners Bourne

SANDWICHES - ICE CREAM

FOUNTAIN SERVICE

There was an old man from Berlin
Whose body was exceedingly thin.
He was fed on ersatz
And malted milk frappes
Which his fuehrer had promised to him.

A. B. MacNALLY

Master Plumber

PLUMBING & HEATING

Pocasset

Mass.

Tel. Buz. Bay 78-2

Compliments of

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**BUZZARDS BAY
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HEATING OILS — COAL and
WOOD

SOCONY SERVICE STATION

John Bosnengo, Prop.
Buzzards Bay

Jerry can really play ball—
To me he is king of them all.
After the ball he does bound,
And makes the shots sound;
Can you blame the girls if they fall?

**S. H. GURNEY
GROCERIES**

Sagamore

Mass.

ROY I. GOTTSCHALD

Manager Music Department

JOSEPH RIGAZIO

HILL CREST FARM

Poultry Products

Tel. 248

Sagamore

Carl Fisher, Inc.

Boston

We would appreciate your patronizing our advertisers

JAMES M. KERR

Compliments of

CARL BOLLES

Little Jeanne she always must flirt
With every Joe, Johnny, and Mert,
But look the world round—
There is none to be found
Any sweeter than her soldier boy, Bert.

**CHISHOLM'S
VARIETY STORE**

GAS, OIL, NOTIONS

Monument Beach

E. A. Gooch, Manager

Compliments of

KING MIDAS

Open All The Year

Mary C. Wilson, Prop.

Buzzards Bay

We would appreciate your patronizing our advertisers

W. W. TROWBRIDGE

*REAL ESTATE and
INSURANCE*

Bourne

Mass.

LENO ATTI'S BARBER SHOP

Well known for correct styles.

Corner Adams and Main Street

Sagamore

There is a young teacher at Bourne
Who looks on the Juniors with scorn—
She tells them to quiet,
They don't abide by it,
She threatens a hard quiz next morn.

Compliments of

**BUZZARDS BAY
HARDWARE CO.**

Compliments of

TUCY BROTHERS

Phone 6-2

Buzzards Bay

Mass.

Compliments of

L. S. SWIFT

GENERAL STORE
and FISH MARKET

Cataumet

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Compliments of

ADAMS PHARMACY

at the Sagamore Bridge

James H. Adams, Pharm. D.

Tel. Sag. 33-W

We would appreciate your patronizing our advertisers

SHUSTER'S MOTOR SERVICE

TIRES

TUBES

AUTO REPAIRING

ACCESSORIES

Phone Sagamore 17-W

DIAMONDS - WATCHES

G. C. BASSETT

Main St. Buzzards Bay, Mass.

JEWELRY - GIFTS

There was a young girl named Eileen,
Who was just two years from nineteen—
She went to the show,
And what do you know!
Stole the heart of a handsome Marine.

Compliments of

MR. and MRS. I. LEVINSON

Compliments of

BUZZARDS BAY THEATRE

**STONE VILLAGE
GREENHOUSE**

Potted Plants

Annuals

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Vegetable Plants

A. K. Kendrick, Prop.

Buzzards Bay, Mass.

BOYDEN & CO., Inc.

PLUMBING and HEATING

18 Years' Experience

Our prices as low as is consistent
with first-class work and service.

Boston

Sagamore

We would appreciate your patronizing our advertisers

Compliments of

THOMAS J. WALLACE, Sr.

Compliments of

DR. E. F. CURRY

There was a young lady named Maude,
Who often appeared very odd;
When her heart throb died,
She took cyanide;
These paths ne'er again did she trod.

FOUR WINDS DAIRY

GEORGE E. LOWCOCK, JR.

Producers, Retailers, Wholesalers
of

GUERNSEY MILK

SALES

SERVICE

BUZZARDS BAY GARAGE, Inc.

Your CHEVROLET Dealer

"Eye It, Try It, Buy It"

Tel. 358

Buzzards Bay

Mass.

BUZZARDS BAY PHARMACY

Matthew Short, Prop.

Full line of

STATIONERY

and FOUNTAIN PENS

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**COLBETH'S SERVICE
STATION**

MOBILGAS - MOBILOIL

MOBILUBRICATION

Main Street

Buzzards Bay

We would appreciate your patronizing our advertisers

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Batteries Tire Recapping
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D. STUART MacINTYRE

CIVIL ENGINEER
LAND SURVEYOR

Sagamore

Tel. 8

One less, our Junior class now is,
To help him with war bonds, our vow is,
While we're all safe, save he—
For he's in our Navy,
We'll keep buying them for our own Bill Towers.

BAKERS

A Big Store in a Small Town

Visit Our Newly Opened

GIFT ROOM

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G. H. Gibson, Prop.

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Mass.

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CAPE COD FILLING STATION

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THE 20-ACRE FARM

I know a certain young gal,
Who could be called "Frivolous Sal",
With her ruffles and frills
She causes many thrills,
But never can she find a pal!

BUZZARDS BAY

HOTEL and SEA GRILL

Compliments of

**K. P. Murphy
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Italian and American Foods
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Real Estate for Sale and Rentals
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Tel. Buzzards Bay 530

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Office Hours: 2-3, 7-8

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EDWARD D. NICKERSON

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Our principal's son, quite an athlete, he
Jumps around nimbly, just like a flea,
At football a shark,
Basketball just a lark,
And with the girls; what a "wolf" he can be.

Compliments of

M. J. CARDOZA

WOOD — ICE — TRUCKING

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PLUMBING & HEATING

Benjamin Moore's Paints

Hardware - Kitchenware

Tel. 255-2

Bourne, Mass.

CONSONI & FEDERICI, Inc.

WE SPECIALIZE IN "WOP"
FOOD

Reservations by Phone Only.

Tel. Sag. 375

Tel. B. B. 371

There was a young man in a plane

Who will never fly it again—

One day he forgot

The wheels to drop

And now in heaven will remain!

THE NEWS STORE

Main Street Buzzards Bay, Mass.

Compliments of

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Compliments of

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WHITMORE FARM

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Pocasset

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Executives of the

4F's CLUB

2014.01.03

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of Cape Cod

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"Visitors Welcome"

DRINK *Coca-Cola* 5¢
TRADE-MARK

Compliments of

THE FACULTY of
BOURNE HIGH SCHOOL

We would appreciate your patronizing our advertisers

THE BUZZARDS BAY NATIONAL BANK

A CHECKING OR SAVINGS ACCOUNT WITH US IS A BOOST

FOR YOUR HOME TOWN

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